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Notes of the Week

TO play a game for money is one of those contradictions in terms to which, by long usage, we have become accustomed. In reality the phrase is so contradictory that it is essentially absurd: one cannot play a game for money—it is impossible. At school, at college, and everywhere else, the game is played for pleasure, whether it be cricket, football, or the sports of the river which attain their delightful climax in the amateur regatta. A man paid to "play" cricket or football is no longer playing a game—he is exploiting his skill and thus earning a living; he may obtain a certain amount of pleasure from the process, but he is not doing it for pleasure, which is the inherent quality of any "game." We attach little importance to the protestations of those who are so disheartened by the comparatively trivial fact that Vardon and Ray have just been defeated at golf by a young French-American—who lived on the course and knew every yard of it; the affair matters much more to the champion professional "player" than to the national honour. It is regrettable in the extreme that many thousands of people, several times a week, should pay money, should even fight for places, to see a handful of men go through a performance which is neither playing a game nor "playing the game."

Two excellent articles in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* are of especial interest to book-lovers. One, by W. A. Gill, entitled "Some Novelists and the Business Man," dealing with the English novel, points out that only on very rare occasions have we any attempt on the part of the author to specify or enlarge upon the business—in the sense of trade—of his characters. Even in "Dombey and Son," where occurred, one might think, a splendid chance for Dickens's love of detail to have its fling, we have on'y

the vaguest suggestions as to what commercial dealings brought wealth to the famous House of Dombey; we know far more about the delightful little shop of Solomon Gills than about the principal firm. The most notable instance of a novel treating of romance and business is, of recent years, "Tono-Bungay"; and we might perhaps include Frank Norris's "The Pit," though that epic of wheat hardly confines itself to the limits of a "business."

The other article enlarges upon "The Tribulations of an Amateur Book-buyer." Beginning humorously, the writer, who seems to live where extension of space is impossible, notes the fact that there are books "everywhere in the house except in the bath-room and the fire-escape," and laments that, in spite of pocket editions and India paper, the publisher of to-day appears to leave out of consideration the limited space available for book-storage to the average reader with literary tastes. The problem certainly does exist, and becomes more urgent as the tendency to live in flats progresses. To the man of studious inclinations and moderate income, who for reasons of business or convenience lives in or near the city, comes a time when he has to pause in his hobby of book-buying. Book-cases, book-shelves, take up room, and he is in danger of becoming "a small body of humanity entirely surrounded by books"—a species of literary insulation which may have pleasant aspects, but may, again, be distinctly inconvenient. The moment arrives when, alas! he is compelled to sacrifice old treasures if he would purchase new ones. And that is tragedy indeed.

Writing, as we do, in the middle of the week, the exhibition of "flying upside-down" by that fearless French air-man, M. Pégoud, will be either prohibited or finished with by the time this paper reaches many of our readers. We take the opportunity, however, while hoping that if the exhibition is permitted it will not end in tragedy, of protesting against the exploitation of dangerous flying as a "draw." It means gate-money at the risk of human life. The Frenchman has given us two or three fresh ideas as to the possible stability of certain types of aeroplane by his astonishing feats; having done so, he is foolhardy to repeat them, and those who encourage him should bear in mind that the first ambitious and plucky man who attempts the same tricks on another machine will be courting death. It is one thing to overcome by skill and patience and prudence the dangers incidental to flight; it is quite another to advertise that for half a crown the public may see a monoplane deliberately capsized in mid-air—with the risk of a sickening catastrophe.

The Verse Reading

THY voice I hear. Not warbling birds at break
Of joyous day, nor vesper-singing thrush,
Can give the grateful sense so deep a hush
As fell when thou my hearing's thirst didst slake
With those soft tones memory doth re-awake;
Not distant bells, nor laughing waters' rush
* Down pebbled beds to osiered pastures lush,
Like lulling harmonies could ever make.

I see thee still: the dark and queenly head:
The little hand half-closed upon my knee.
I hear thee still: but when the sound is fled
Not beggared of its beauty shall I be;
For, in thy voice, music and love did wed,
Whereof is heavenly rapture born to me.

MAX PLOWMAN.

A Geological "If"

BY WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S.

DURING the controversy respecting the Channel Tunnel there has been a grand opportunity for the day-dreaming trifler to burst into the discussion with an exasperating "If." "Your scheme is admittedly practical," he would say; "the lie of the subterranean rocks has been proved; there is no longer reason to fear any flooding from supposed fissures in the chalk; but—if the course of geological history could have been arrested there would have been no need of your tunnel at all." And the ejaculation, though altogether beside the point, recalls a truth, for it is now an axiom that Britain and the Continent formed, within recent geological times, continuous territory. Strange to say, with the evidence before their eyes, the older geologists were exceedingly slow to read the story.

Yet Richard Verstegan, that shrewd antiquary who wrote in the days of the first James, saw things as they were, and reached a sound conclusion. Observing that such ferocious animals as wolves had formerly been common in Britain, he contended, in quaint language, that "no man, unlesse he were mad, would ever transport that race (of wolves) for the goodnes of the Breed, out of the continent into any Iles." He inferred, therefore, that "these wicked beasts did of themselves passe over." This crossing further implied that Britain had once been "fastened" to the Continent, and Verstegan, arguing from the only premises available in his day, concluded that the separation of the countries had taken place since the Flood, seeing that all the prediluvian fauna had been destroyed by that catastrophe.

The theory of a universal deluge prevented later writers from backing up Verstegan, even when better testimony was forthcoming. Scientists were found arguing that the bones of elephants discovered in various parts of the country were the remains of animals brought over by the Romans "to overawe the Britons." Amid further refinements of debate, it was gravely supposed that, because hazel-nuts were found in associa-

tion with extinct animals, the Flood must have occurred during the fall of the year. Ultimately, the observed facts of geology were seen to involve inescapable conclusions. The granites and Devonian rocks of the South-West of England have their counterparts in Brittany; the Oolites of Dorset can be matched by a corresponding formation in Normandy; while the Chalk of South-East England has its equivalent in Seine Inférieure. More than this; the Weald of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, a congeries of stratified rocks now presenting themselves as hills and valleys and plains, has a south-easterly extension into France and Belgium. In other words, when the Weald first appeared above the waters, outlined in the form of an inverted boat—called by geologists an anticline or saddleback—the stem of the boat lay on the Continent.

Obviously, then, the Straits of Dover must have been formed by the cutting through of this saddleback. Corroboration is yielded by the fact that an elevation of the land not greater than from 100 to 120 feet would produce a natural causeway across the Straits. In the presence of facts like these, geologists were forced to believe in a former land-connection.

At what exact period the severance of Britain took place is a problem not easily answered. It is most largely believed that the Dover Strait was cut during the later Pleistocene period, after the close of the Ice Age. But some have urged that the separation occurred during that great glaciation, while Sir A. C. Ramsay put the case in a nutshell when he asserted that, "During Tertiary and post-Tertiary times, Britain was again and again united to the Continent." Uplift was followed by depression, and erosion by accumulation. At one period a large river, which had the ancient Rhine as the principal stream, and the Thames and Seine as tributaries, flowed across land now occupied by the North Sea, and had its mouth somewhere in the direction of the Dogger Bank. Subsequently, the sea effected such inroads that these rivers were partially robbed of their trunks, and the gap which we know as the Straits of Dover was widened and deepened. But even this breach represented probably only the renewal of an earlier one which had a similar axis.

The dreamer may pertinently repeat his "if." If there had been no Straits of Dover, Britain and Gaul might have been Romanised simultaneously; the Saxon invasion might have been a mere incident; there would have been no Norman conquest, no Edwardian wars, nor Stuart intrigues in France, while the effects of the Reformation and the French Revolution would have taken a different trend. Such speculations are, of course, academical, but they often have a grim import. The late Dr. Robert Traquair was fond of saying that, had it not been for denudation, there would have been no Irish Question. For Ireland once possessed coal-fields, but these were long ago stripped away by natural agencies. Had the coalfields remained until the arrival of man, Ireland would have been a rich country, or rather, perhaps, province—for Ireland, in its turn, was once united to Britain.

"Words, Words, Words!"

WE have rarely, if ever, read a book on the English language which did not refer with complaisant satisfaction to "the unequalled richness of the English tongue." This remark has been made and repeated apparently without a moment's reflection on the part of the writer, for it is clear that if mere plurality of words is a merit, a language containing two million words would be better than one containing twenty thousand; which is absurd, since the former could never be learnt and would, therefore, be useless. On the other hand, if there is a limit beyond which is excess and below which is deficiency, it is absurd to praise a language for mere abundance of words without reference to this limit. We do not hear the English alphabet praised for its unequalled richness because it has three ways of representing the sound of *k*, or the Arabic notation blamed because it has only one way of signifying the number seven, for it is obvious that the merit of any system of signs consists, not in the multitude but in the fewness of the signs employed; and, inasmuch as language is a system of signs, the same standard of excellence must be held to apply.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that the division of language into words is quite arbitrary and unscientific. Thus the Germans speak of a "Leselampe," we speak of a "reading lamp," so that the Germans have a word which we have not; or again, we speak of a "knitting-needle," the French speak of an "aiguille à tricoter," so that we have a word which the French have not; yet it is clear that the difference is merely in the way the letters are spaced in writing, and neither language is richer for the additional word.

There is, in fact, no definition of a "word" except that it is something which costs a halfpenny to send by telegraph; and to estimate the richness of the English vocabulary by the number of halfpennies it would cost to transmit the contents of the dictionary by wire is a truly modern, commercial, and puerile method of appraising riches.

The number of signs employed in any system may, of course, indicate the complexity of the thing signified. In that case, the mere plurality of signs may become, incidentally, a proper subject of admiration. Thus the multitude of words employed by Shakespeare is a sign of the extent and diversity of his interests and sympathies; or again, the paucity of the vocabulary of animals or of uncivilised races is a symptom of the paucity of ideas which they have need to express. No such inference can, however, be drawn from the fact that the Greeks and Romans had a smaller vocabulary than ours, since there is no idea which we can express, that cannot be expressed as well in Greek or Latin.

The numerical superiority of the English over the Greek or Latin vocabulary is produced in two ways. In the first place, there are words in English which, though different in form and origin, bear an identical meaning, such as the rhetorical terms *pleonasm*, *redundancy*, and *tautology*. Now, while it is possible that

the different sound and origin of these words may give them a different value for the stylist and *littérateur*, for the scientific purpose for which they are chiefly used they are wholly without distinction of meaning, and two of the three must be considered mere superfluity of verbal matter and a burden to the language; since the teacher, when explaining the terminology of style to his pupils, must first tell them that the use of unnecessary words is called "pleonasm," then he must go on to say that the same thing is also called "redundancy" and "tautology." It is manifest that this will not be a help but rather a hindrance to their understanding.

In the second place there are more words in English than in Latin or Greek, because the functions of English words are more specialised. This tendency in language is the same which in industry we call "the division of labour." For example, in more primitive communities than our own, the man who makes boots also carves his own lasts and tans his own leather; whilst now these three parts of the operation of bootmaking are three distinct trades. In like manner, the notion which the Romans expressed by the word *crudus* is conveyed in English by the three words *unripe*, *uncooked*, *undigested*. Now it may be readily admitted that the greater specialisation of English words constitutes an advance in clearness and efficiency; yet it is true of the division of labour, whether in language or in industry, that if something is gained, something also is lost. The Romans used one word for *unripe*, *uncooked*, *undigested*, and in doing so called attention to the generic identity of these three processes; we use three words, and are conscious only of the specific difference.

Yet the extension of the functions of a word is also a practice which may be carried too far. For example, a writer in this paper was recently endeavouring, by precept and example, to popularise the word *sense* to signify that feeling or emotion which it is the business of the artist to experience and interpret. Against this employment of the word several readers protested on æsthetic grounds. Though the protests were justified, the reasons on which they were based were insufficient; for all innovations of language are æsthetically displeasing, yet without the extension of old words to new meanings human thought could not advance.

The real objection to this innovation is that the particular word chosen is already too fully occupied to bear any further strain upon it. The phenomena of the mind may be roughly classed under three heads, sensation or sense-perception, intellect or thought, feeling or emotion. Now, the word *sense* is already used to signify two of these three classes. By "senses" we mean sight, touch, smell, etc.; we also mean notion or idea, as when we speak of the "sense" of a word, or of "sense and nonsense." To extend this word to the third class of mental phenomena could result only in confusion and misunderstanding.

It is clear, then, that there is a proper limit both to division of function and also to the unification of function in words; to exceed this limit in either direc-

tion results in obscurity and insignificance. Let us then desist from praising our language foolishly without reference to this standard, and beware of mistaking mere bulk for efficiency and strength.

JOHN RIVERS.

Islands

AN island is a symbol. It symbolises individuality and—with apologies to the Regius Professor of Tautology—it symbolises isolation. We have put the less obvious symbol first because we like to follow the true logical order in things; isolation is the offspring, the chief inseparable accident, of individuality. Matthew Arnold has finely expressed this symbolism in one of his poems: he represents mankind as a vast archipelago of islands, "with echoing straits between us thrown," where "we myriad mortals dwell alone." The sea symbolises Fate, the immeasurable force sundering from one another a world of human beings capable of love and loving-kindness; this is the sea that is spoken of in the great vision of the Apocalypse—"And there shall be no more sea."

Symbols work for the most part on a remote region of consciousness, but a universal passion or interest is often lit up by a chance word or idea, so that the symbol stands displayed. We like to think that our own passions or instincts are universal; we also like to think that the philosophy we get out of them is our private discovery. The substance of the symbol is humanity's gift to us; the symbol itself is our little gift to humanity. Humanity may not want it, but, being the vague abstraction that it is, cannot specifically reject it. It is this that makes the overweening pride of the higher tautologist. We like to suppose that mankind shares our own passion for islands; we like to show mankind what it probably knew, without attaching any exaggerated value to the knowledge, all the time—why it likes islands. There is abundant reason to suppose that mankind does like islands; literature is full of islands; rich men buy islands; poor men on their summer holidays flock in inconvenient numbers to the more accessible islands; those who are born in islands generally end their days on islands.

In the poem we have referred to, Matthew Arnold has somewhat complicated the symbol by adding the idea of an archipelago. The true antithesis is that of continent and island—made to rhyme somewhat ingeniously with "silent" in a familiar hymn. By "continent" we do not simply mean one of the accepted geographical expressions that became known to us on the day we first opened our lesson-books—though even these semi-detached areas have as good a right, from a certain point of view, to be called "islands" as the best of them. The "island" for which we are just now reserving the name should be traversable, without employing any very futuristic means of progression, from coast to coast within the

limits of a summer's day. A continent for our purposes is any other body of dry land. Thus England is a continent, but Jersey, if the balance of our phrase calls for an example, is an island. The true island must furthermore be separated from its parent mainland by a considerable stretch of water, proportioned preferably to the size of the water. The outline of the island should be, under normal conditions, rather guessed than discerned, and the keenest eye should not be able to distinguish anything more significant than a break in the coast-line. Zeeland is not a satisfactory island, nor is the Isle of Wight, though a "distant prospect" of the latter from the Dorset coast may sometimes compensate for the emotional dryness, eked out by imperial visions, of the view from the Hampshire shore of Spithead. An island, like a church, should be seen as a ship. The Isle of Dogs, so far as Southsea is concerned, would do the business more efficiently and more cheaply than the Isle of Wight. As we set down, in Guernsey, these judicious considerations, we can see on our right Jersey, twelve miles long and twenty miles away, and on our left Sark, five miles long and eight miles away. We guarantee none of the figures. In a picture they would, each of them, occupy horizontally about the same amount of space; they are both admirably placed, neither too far nor yet too near; they are fulfilling most excellently, for us, their high mission as islands. If we climb a hill to the left, we can see Herm, Jethou, and Alderney, all likewise lying between the canonical limits. A few months ago we had Corsica within our range, too far to be provocative, but still near enough to invite.

An island is a focus. All the elements of human society are usually to be found on an island of the size we have indicated, and may be studied almost by the experimental method. That is, at least, the point of view of the dweller in cities and continents. The islander naturally feels it less; his *villégiature* is not infrequently a smaller island.

We have spoken of archipelagoes. We have said that they hamper the elementary symbolism of islands. That is a small matter; we have unearthed a symbol for anyone to brood over who chooses. The solitary island is a splendid *mise en scène* for a romancer, for a political philosopher, though that is properly a matter for the last paragraph, and for whoever has the last word in the administration of criminal law. For whenever an individual has become an obvious danger to constituted society, be he or she evangelist, Caesar, housebreaker, alleged spy, or suffragette, an island is the first actual or potential resource of the guardians of society; and so Patmos, Planasia, New Caledonia, Elba, St. Helena, and the Devil's Island figure, against all initial probability, in the pages of history.

An island in an archipelago is a stepping-stone. The symbolism has become enfeebled, but the external charm has grown. The Channel Islands, the Hebrides, the archipelago that spreads itself beneath Hong-kong,

the islands to which Stevenson has bequeathed his memories and his creations, above all

"the sprinkled isles
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,
And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps
'Greece,'"

and, on the borderland of truth and fiction, the "Islands of the Blest"—all these are constellations to dazzle the sensual or the imaginative vision. Let us not speak slightly of archipelagoes.

We have said that we should like to point the moral of islands. We have partly tried to do so; we have certainly failed. Islands have this gracious quality—they induce a dream and they stifle uncomfortable aspirations. What was the isle of the Lotus-eaters called? The answer does not greatly matter; it was just an island, the typical island, perfect in its very defects.

One more word for the gourmet of islands. The ideal frame to enclose some "nemorosa Zacynthos"—yes, we must have some foliage—is the curve of a swelling jib. Islands and ships, they are all sisters.

We had meant to speak of the grimmer islands of truth and story—the Island of the Dead, the "ultimate Thule," Strathcona, and other horrors of the Antarctic belt—but the mood has long since passed. Let us conclude on a more peaceful note.

Among what scenes does the "much-tried, godlike" hero of the greatest story of antiquity pursue his deathless adventures? What is the first great English romance about? Why do we return at frequent intervals to the genial companionship of Jim Hawker and the shy, uncouth, society of Gilliat? Questions such as these we could go on pouring forth, to the confusion of the professed rhetorician, till weariness devised a conclusion. We will refrain.

Islands are the preferred pasture of the imagination. Ithaca, Scheria, Calypso's Isle, Robinson Crusoe's Island, Treasure Island, the Symplegades, and les Douvres—mere rockeries these last two, but with high insular and romantic qualifications—they are all stories that never stop. Paris would be less Paris without its Ile de la Cité; that, better than any "mur murant Paris," "rend Paris murmurant." Islands, islands! you are all noble, and most of you kindly and gracious: we long to see you all! *En attendant* we have an odd and unaccountable hankering to reach as soon as possible, failing the "uninhabited island" that is "off Cape Guardafui," the once-glimpsed Isle of Lundy.

R. F. SMALLEY.

In "Through a Glass Darkly," which Messrs. Gay and Hancock will publish very soon, a painter who for ten years has abandoned his profession and sunk his identity, suddenly finds the years blotted out and himself restored to his old ambitions. The decade has seen many changes in the art world, and it is in the artist's gradual adjustment to these that the main interest of the story lies.

REVIEWS

An Empire Builder in his Shirt Sleeves

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Cecil Rhodes: The Man and his Work. By GORDON LE SUEUR, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

IT is almost a truism to say that there was something Napoleonic about Rhodes. This is borne out in one direction by the literature that is springing up round his name and career, although he only died on March 26, 1902.

His secretaries have naturally been at work. The most ambitious biography at present is Sir Lewis Mitchell's "Life" in two volumes. Mr. Philip Jourdain was responsible for "Memoirs of Rhodes' Private Life," while Mr. Charles Boyd, C.M.G., wrote the essay which appeared in the second supplement of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Sir T. Fuller, a political ally who became the first chairman of the Progressive Association—a sort of local Imperial Association formed to watch and guard against the ascendancy of the Africander Bond—has written a monograph; and now Mr. Le Sueur's modest and unassuming work appears.

It is a capital book, evidently by a hand more used to the rifle than the pen, and yet written with a vividness that brings his hero before you—in his study, on horseback, on the veldt, among savage tribes, and with glimpses of his life in society in London. In his preface Mr. Le Sueur admits that all he has attempted is "to convey an impression of the man and his work," all he had to work from being a few notes, one or two stray documents, and a splendid memory.

"Why did I come out to Africa?" Rhodes once replied to a friend. "Well, they will tell you that I came out on account of my health or from a love of adventure, and to some extent that may be true; but the real fact is that I could no longer stand the eternal cold mutton." By this he meant to convey he was tired of home, and he liked to give the impression he was forced to seek his fortune, whilst as a matter of fact his father was a parson in Essex, so well-to-do as to be able to bring up nine sons and put four of them into the Army. It was also a weakness of his to pretend he came of humble stock; "he was fond of saying his grandfather was a keeper of cows at Dalston."

The persistent rumour, still current, that Rhodes was a drunkard is dealt with most frankly. He liked his champagne and stout mixed in a tumbler, and drank it off absent-mindedly, and he would have five or six liqueur glasses of Russian kümmel after dinner; but that he was ever incapacitated is absurd. As a matter of fact, a big strong man who was delicate by nature

required stimulant, and it would be as true to call him a drunkard as it would be to call Bismarck a toper because he used to drink an incredible number of bocks at a sitting.

Le Sueur is of opinion that he did not possess great physical courage, like Clive or Roberts; but he was afraid of being thought afraid, and therefore did in the course of his career deeds of extraordinary daring by the strength of an iron will; of his moral courage there was no question.

There is scarcely any scheme about the book; it dodges backwards and forwards as one chain of thought calls to mind another. It is crammed full of anecdotes, a few of which are familiar; but the majority are quite fresh.

Rhodes made money easily early in his career. It is clear that he did not care "tuppence" about money for its own sake, but saw very plainly the power that immense wealth confers, and allowed his colleagues to make larger fortunes so long as he had their credit and influence behind him:—

Rhodes, as a rule, lent a ready ear to applicants for assistance, and during the period from the middle of June to the end of October, 1897, I estimated that he had spent, in assisting people, money at the rate of £100 a day.

He liked having young men around him, and treated them with extraordinary familiarity and kindness. He used to try them first by giving them hard and unpleasant work to do; but when once they had proved their grit, he admitted them to his fullest confidence. He gave them as much and sometimes more money than they wanted, but he expected and usually received most unselfish and devoted service in return.

Once a secretary got married, and went down country as his wife was about to have a baby:—

In after years, speaking of him, he said: "Imagine his leaving me alone at Salisbury with no one to do my letters, just because his wife was going to have a baby. Why didn't he tell me before he left? He must have known, mustn't he? You ought to know"—turning to a lady sitting next to him, to her obvious embarrassment, she having a large family of sons and daughters.

At times the men did not treat him with respect, which was not surprising; they borrowed his horses and played practical jokes on him. Once he told some people that Le Sueur never washed. Now, Rhodes was very fond of being shaved, and, however short they were, always had a bucket of hot water kept for his shaving. Le Sueur in revenge calmly annexed this for several mornings running for his own ablutions, declaring there was no more to be got.

"Really," he once said at Nyanga to Grimmer (another secretary) and me: "I must get a proper secretary—one who will treat me with proper respect

and call me 'Sir.' " We immediately "sirred" him about every few words until he was heartily sick of it.

He treated sovereigns like equals. When Queen Victoria, who admired him very much, taxed him with being a woman-hater, he answered bluntly: "How could I possibly hate a sex to which your Majesty belongs?" To the immense amusement of the German Emperor, he one day looked at the clock, suddenly got up, and, without waiting to be dismissed as Court etiquette demanded, held out his hand and said: "Well, good-bye; I've got to go now, as I have some people coming to dinner." The Turkish Court are always expecting concealed bombs and daggers and firearms, consequently no one is allowed into the Sublime presence with an outer robe. Rhodes, who came to see the Sultan of Turkey, had only an ordinary lounge suit on, and refused to remove his overcoat. This was objected to, for the reason above stated. "All right," said Rhodes, "I won't go in at all." This would never do, so Rhodes was reluctantly allowed to go in as he was.

Towards the end of the book there is a good account of his persecution—for it was nothing less—by the adventurous Princess Radziwill, which disposes of another set of rumours. A chapter is devoted to his will, to which he gave an immense amount of thought and attention. His first idea in founding his scholarships at Oxford was to collect in course of time an educated band of men who, distributed all over the Empire, would see things from the English point of view and retain a sentiment of common interest.

He firmly believed that the consolidation of the British Empire was the best thing for the world, in the world. He then appears to have enlarged his views, and considered that the English language would be the determining factor, so admitted American youths, and finally came to the conclusion that the peace and progress of the world would best be served by admitting Germans as well, so that the three most powerful nations might work together in close alliance—in fact, as he said, "make war impossible." It is too early at present to see the practical results of Rhodes' idea, but it is surely a good foundation on which the efforts of future generations may find a base.

Rhodes suffered much pain towards the end. Rudyard Kipling was one of the last to see him in his coffin, and the whole funeral must have been most impressive. His body was carried in the old De Beers saloon car in which he had travelled many thousands of miles, the rest of the train being the *train de luxe* he himself had spent so much time in designing. It was designed as a special express to his beloved North, and one day may yet run from the Cape to Cairo; but its first journey was to carry its designer to his chosen grave in the lonely kopjes of the Matoppoos.

His strength as well as his weakness is admirably sketched in this book by one who was evidently devoted to him. In some respects almost childlike in his simplicity, he yet had that within him of which unmistakably empire-builders are made.

The Inquisition in Spain

Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition. A History by RAFAEL SABATINI. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

ANATOLE FRANCE, or one of his characters, remarks somewhere or other, with reference probably to a period near the beginning of the nineteenth century, that "alors le désespoir était hors d'usage; pour s'en être trop servi, nos pères l'avaient usé." Other emotions besides despair are liable to be exhausted by use; of these is indignation. Mr. Sabatini has a rare gift of irony, but he displays it too often. Moreover, he is very far from being the first in the field; the paradox of the Inquisition—the Gospel of Mercy invoked to justify murder, cruelty, fraud, and injustice—is too inviting not to have been perennially popular. But a watched pot, it is said never boils, and we, late hearers of a tale of things—

Done long ago and ill done,

are too conscious of the eye of the house-wife to obey with alacrity the suggestions of the fire. The spectacle of—

Priests in the name of the Lord passing souls
through the fire to the fire

has too long haunted our eyes not to begin to pall. The essential horrors of the Inquisition are a fact, but so is the regretted demise of her Majesty Queen Anne. There is abundant reason to believe that the Inquisition, in the form in which it was created by Torquemada, will never be seen again on this earth, and there is a popular metaphor about beating a dead dog. The curiosity with which we approach this hoary iniquity is academic and, we think, more or less prurient.

If we want to renew the thrill that comes to us from the recorded wrong-doing of a tyrannical and blood-thirsty tribunal we must descend the steps of History till we reach the days before Thermidor. Not even Mr. Sabatini, with all his skill, can persuade us that the Inquisition is anything but a lifeless curiosity; not even an Oxford tutor can persuade us that the Reign of Terror is anything but a living wonder. It belongs to modern times and modern ideas. The psychology of the Revolutionary Tribunal is at once terribly complex and terribly modern. Carlyle has made us feel its problems, which have recently again been found worthy of the pen of Anatole France. "Vous aurez à vous prononcer," says the philosopher, Brotteaux, to the newly-nominated juror, "entre la haine et l'amour, ce qui se fait spontanément, non entre la vérité et l'erreur, dont le discernement est impossible au faible esprit des hommes."

The psychology of the Inquisitors is excessively simple, so simple, indeed, as to be at first sight almost inexplicable except on some tremendous hypothesis. Mr. Sabatini quotes with approval Prescott's judgment: "Torquemada's zeal was of so extraordinary a character that it may almost shelter itself under the name of insanity." Granted certain premises, and Mr.

Sabatini grants them over and over again, absolute sincerity being one of them, we cannot see any real difficulty in the case of Torquemada. His point of view was not the same as that of many devout Catholics of his time, but his premises and his conclusions were inseparable. M. Faguet says that in Diocletian's place he would have persecuted the Christians. Of modern Roman Catholics, Lord Acton was incapable of seeing any defence for religious persecution; "I make *no* allowance for that sort of thing," he replied to an apologist of Saint Charles Borromeo. Still the fact remains that history is full of good men incapable of seeing two sides to a question, and haggard by logic. The terror of modern times is that men have been found to see more than one side of a question and to act as if they only knew one. The complications that may have disturbed the mind of a judge of the Holy Office were of a political and financial nature; the complications that entered into the mind of the average Revolutionary juror were due to a half-knowledge of fifty theories about the nature of human society.

Mr. Sabatini's excellent introductory chapters are designed to fix for us in general ecclesiastical history the place of the Spanish Inquisition. The immediate causes of its institution are not difficult to find,—the Dominicans, sprung from the Albigensian Crusade, clamouring for fresh conquests—bigots at royal ears—Spain on the threshold of a glorious new era and jealous of the stranger within her gates,—but all this powder might have lain harmless and idle without the intervention of a Hernando Martinez, "too full of piety to find room for Christianity in his soul." What this Dominican friar, "by his continual coming" and importunity suggested, the genius of another Dominican, Frey Tomás de Torquemada, confessor to Queen Isabella, brought to pass. Mr. Sabatini absolves the Catholic Sovereigns, or at any rate the Queen, from prime responsibility for the persecutions of their reign. For Isabella, indeed, he has more than indulgence; he has enthusiasm.

Of Torquemada the man, in spite of the first title, there is little. There could not be much. "The history of Frey Tomás de Torquemada . . . is not so much the history of a man as of an abstract genius presiding over a gigantic and cruel engine of its own perfecting." All the biography we get from these pages consists of a paragraph or two in the manner of "Who's Who?" excerpts from famous trials, the "Instructions" drawn up by our subject for the use of Inquisitors and a purple patch. If we had not seen M. Max we should feel that we had never seen Torquemada. But we see him for one brief moment in Mr. Sabatini's book—it is when he strides—"a little breathless"—into the presence of the Catholic Sovereigns to clinch the matter of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. The Jews had offered a subsidy of thirty thousand ducats towards the expenses of the Moorish War. "Judas," cries the fanatic, "once sold the Son of God for thirty pieces. Your Highnesses think to sell Him again for thirty thousand. Here you

have Him." And, "crashing a crucifix upon the table . . . he abruptly leaves the Chamber." "L'histoire," says M. Driault, "n'est pas une science exacte; c'est une condition de sa beauté."

We are told of the eloquence of Torquemada, but we are left to imagine it, and we are set wondering how by any eloquence he could have effected what he did; everything was against him, except a more or less latent popular feeling. The Queen, the Pope, the highest dignitaries of the Church in Spain were all against the new *imperium in* (may we say?) *imperiis*. Sheer will-power caused the miracle. The attitude of the Popes, among whom was the beloved hero of scandalous history, Alexander VI, is illuminating; they were afraid of the power they had called into being, and did all they could to check its excesses. Rome was the one hope of the Jews. Every constituted authority in Spain, lay and spiritual, found itself in antagonism some time or other with the Holy Office. At the very beginning of the business Hernando Martinez barely escaped prosecution for heresy, and heresy has been discovered in the famous "Instructions."

We have not read Llorente, though we suspect that a good deal of him has from time to time filtered through to us. We think that Mr. Sabatini has given us a very complete account of the Inquisition. The "Instructions" are very fully given, and, with the aid of Mr. Sabatini's commentary—over-spiced with irony as it is—give us a glimpse of the legislator's mind. The procedure, including the *Auto de Fé*, which is rather coquettishly introduced, is clearly expounded, and we are enabled to see one of the most famous cases, that of the "Holy Child" of la Gardia, from start to finish. If "a deed of blood and fire and flames" is not to us quite the "meat and drink" it was to "Simple James," we most of us welcome it as light refreshment, and, after all, the Spanish Inquisition is a historical curiosity of the first importance. Only in this case we end by resenting a certain procedure of Mr. Sabatini's, which consists in dangling a moral before our expectant eyes and then withdrawing it from our eager grasp. And we cannot repress a thrifty housewife's lament at seeing all these treasures of irony running to waste.

Happy Hampstead

Hampstead Heath: Its Geology and Natural History.

By the MEMBERS of the HAMPSTEAD SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

HAMPSTEAD is apparently a predestined suburb. Other villages round London have been, like it, the property of great houses; Kensington, Chelsea, Fulham, Hoxton, Stepney, have as old a history, but none of them have taken quite the position of Hampstead: their suburban quality has been contaminated by a certain utility during their career. The true suburban spirit is not a Roman one, though we get the word from their language, and Hampstead had no favour during the Roman occupation of London, the single trace of it left

there being, apparently, the grave of the only Romans who ever tried the experiment of dying there. Romans loved town-life too much to be suburban—they were inveterate week-enders, no doubt, or would have been if their motors had been more than four-man power—but they would never have consented to leave town just when it was beginning to get interesting every evening and come in again next morning only to work. The Saxons who destroyed London might have enjoyed Hampstead and settled there if it had had a decent soil; as it was, they left it to their pigs until near the close of their reign, when London had been built up again by the foreign merchants and made a place of importance. Then the Church, with her remarkable instinct for the suburban, got Hampstead into her hands, and without a break held it for six centuries till a more rapacious and smuggler generation of laity snatched it from her hands. But even in early times the ecclesiastical proprietors of Hampstead found capable plunderers. The Abbot of Westminster had to part with a share of it even before Domesday Book was written, and, soon after, had to let the remainder to a Norman family, the Barentins, the small rent they paid being handed over to the Infirmary of the Monastery.

By this time Hampstead had established its suburban character, as we see from the history of Constantine Fitz-Aluph, a rich merchant and moneylender of London and creditor of King John, who had a little country house and forty-five acres of land there. His story may be told another day; he headed a riot of the citizens of London against Westminster, the serfs of his over-lord, and fell into the hands of Fulk de Breauté, the unscrupulous lieutenant of Hubert de Burgh. There must have been a great deal behind the few facts we know, for Constantine offered a sum equivalent to £100,000 for his life, and Fulk refused it! Three years later, in 1225, his son succeeded to the Hampstead villa and the other property. Another Hampstead resident of fame was Otto Fitz-William, Master of the Mint in 1237 and architect of Westminster Abbey, where he built the Lady Chapel, pulled down by Henry VII to build his Chapel. Otto's house was in Lisson Grove, and he owned the surrounding district, which he left by will to the Knights of the Temple; when they were abolished their property passed to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and was a fruitful source of law-suits. We can go to the Record Office to-day and see the actual inventory taken when the property was seized by the Crown.

In the fourteenth century Hampstead still retained its attractions for Londoners. The most famous of them was the Lord Chief Justice of Edward II, Sir Roger le Brabazon, who came by some means or other into possession of a large property there, which ultimately became the manor of Belsize. We may guess at the means, perhaps, from the records of a suit in which the Abbey was defendant, and which never seems to have come to judgment. At any rate, his holding, originally small, became a great one, and when he died he left it to the Monastery again, when

it became the *peculium* of the Prior. During the Black Death, the Abbot of Westminster fled to Hampstead for refuge, but died there with twenty-six of his monks, and the name of Jack Straw's Castle shows that the Peasant Revolt of 1381 found in the village a centre of activity. In the fifteenth century Hampstead was a sort of residence for great nobles attending Court—the names of Lord Willoughby and Lord Treasurer Scrope being particularly mentioned—and early in the sixteenth century the rateable assessment of Hampstead amounted to over £400—a very high one for a country village. From this time on we have a constant succession of residents in Hampstead of much the same sort as to-day: retired sea-captains like Martin Frobisher, old Army men like Sir Thomas Fitz Herbert, retired judges like Chief Baron Sir Roger Cholmely and Sir John Fortescue, civil servants like Armigell Wade and his son, Sir William Wade, Clerk of the Privy Council. From that time on the succession of respectable suburban inhabitants has never suffered a break, and long may it continue.

As befits a suburb where its inhabitants have plenty of time on their hands, Hampstead has always taken a leading part in amateur science. The famous William Whiston, in Queen Anne's time, tried to solve the question of the velocity of light and sound by letting off fireworks on the Heath, no doubt to the delight of the younger residents; and the local doctors wrote learned papers now and again on the virtues of the Well. But after Whiston's time we learn little about this aspect of the activity of science in Hampstead till we reach the well-known researches—alas! not preserved by his biographer—of Samuel Pickwick, Esq., on the sticklebacks of Hampstead Pond. His example, however, has not been lost. A Hampstead Scientific Society has been formed, and has pursued and enlarged the field of his inquiry. The book they have issued, excellent reading as it is, is a model of what care can do. Not a bird has flown over Hampstead or a flower-seed ripened without being catalogued. We may laugh at the suburban spirit, but *au fond* it is the right one. To love your home, to know all there is to be known about it, and to think it the best of all good places is an excellent characteristic of our race, and is likely to produce the best that can be done. Hampstead, Hampstead over all!

The Letters of Lady Elizabeth: 1806-1873

The Letter-Bag of Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope. Compiled from the Cannon Hall papers by A. M. W. STIRLING. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

THESE volumes have nothing in common with the ephemeral sort of work which endureth for a season, a month, or a day, and so to the limbo of books. The collection is rather a mine from which future writers will no doubt obtain much valuable information.

The generations come and go; the great families of

our ancestors are on the wane. Before they go for ever, let us catch the spirit of their period and the essential humanity which showed so clearly in the pre-scientific age.

Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling has already done much to enable us to repeople the past by her valuable compilations, "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends," and then the equally sound "Annals of a Yorkshire House." These volumes are not of the moment any more than is the present "Letter Bag." They are for the leisurely student of the social existence of two or three generations of more or less well-bred people, who told all the gossip of over fifty years in their gaily written letters.

Most of the correspondence here brought together is connected with John Spencer Stanhope, who lived from 1787 to 1873, and who chanced to be a devoted letter-writer, and, like most of his connections in that generation, a very charming personality. He was one of a family of eight sons and five daughters, all singularly delightful and witty and united young people. We see their fortunes rise and fall in these crowded pages, we hear the clear echo of social life and, if we will take the trouble, we are permitted to know all the outward happenings of very many men and women of importance in their day and who pass and give room for more generations of the same famous and often fortunate family.

Notwithstanding a certain appearance of making confidences in these letters we are not really allowed a very intimate knowledge of the human beings of whom we are permitted to read so much. The psychology of the Spencer Stanhopes or the Norfolk house of Coke, has yet to be written, if any one cares to do it.

Such a book has sometimes been produced by profound and witty Frenchmen, such as M. Jean Harmand, who has dealt with something the same period, and then, indeed, life is given to the past and a work of art is built upon the strong foundations of family letters and diaries. But with us the mere collection of correspondence of previous generations is considered admirable, and is greatly praised. This is really by no means the best way to enable us to enjoy the life of our ancestors with its gossip and its grimness; its love affairs and its battles; its humbug and its renown. The real point in the reproduction of old correspondence is that it should pass through the powerful and sympathetic mind of a clever and lively literary man, so that he can make of these stray pages an ensemble which shall reconstruct for us the very fashion and life-blood of the time.

Such collections of letters as the present may be used as the rough, reliable material from which some artist and student of the period might develop an entertaining and suggestive picture of the times. It is not enough to drag together vast quantities of correspondence, write a short preface and occasional notes, and leave the interested reader to work upon the result. This is an arrangement asking too much of those who buy the book and too little of the compiler. In the present work, the constant suggestion that the reader should refer to

"Coke of Norfolk and his Friends," and to "Annals of a Yorkshire House," although necessary to a just comprehension of the small beer of "The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope," is worrying and stupid. With such an enormous amount of interesting matter to draw upon we feel that a more perfect form of literary work should be set before us. But as the volumes now stand, while giving us a vast quantity of interesting letters, they do not really make a book—in Charles Lamb's meaning of the word. And, at the same time, they prevent, for the moment, any literary person who is an artist in the period from attempting a complete and entertaining study of the personages whose letters have already been so fully set forth.

And yet one should be grateful to the author and publisher for such entertainment as they give us. The picture of fluid life and clashing personalities is in itself valuable, and the genuine quality of the notes on famous people compensates us to some extent for the lack of a work of art.

Of course it would be quite easy to find a hundred fairly amusing stories from these 700 odd pages, but such a course is somewhat unfair to the work of this class, as it mainly relies on such anecdotes and the lucid paragraphs inserted by Mrs. Stirling, to carry on the reader's interest. But apart from the public there is, of course, the vast number of people directly and indirectly connected with the personages who figure in the correspondence. A list might be made of such people which would include the members of almost every family of importance that remains to us. A glance at the wonderfully complete index, alone, would prove this statement. Then, too, many others than those of great station in the world are placed before us; in fact, these letters, read with the proper leisure and enthusiasm, show a whole, a very diverse world of men and women who lived their lives in the days when "Ingoldsby" wrote—

Some folks there are who round Hyde Park to rattle
With glowing wheels, think mighty pretty sport,
Some—Wellington for one—enjoy a battle,
Others prefer a minuet at Court;
Some, like the great Squire Coke, delight in cattle,
Ploughs, porkers and merino wool—in short
Tastes vary, which may elsewhere well be seen as
In Horace, book I, ode 1, "To Mæcenas."

All people and all tastes come within the well-filled
"Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope."

Some Printed Plays

- The Nine of Diamonds, and Other Plays.* By MRS. BARRY PAIN. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. 6d. net.)
Dramatic Inventions. By KENNETH WEEKS. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)
The Fugitive. A Play in Four Acts by JOHN GALS-WORTHY. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. and 1s. 6d.)

THE reading of plays is, we are inclined to think, a cultivated rather than a natural taste. But when an inclination for this class of work has been acquired, one greatly appreciates the rapidity of the action and the

stimulating effect that the dialogue and stage directions may have upon the imagination.

Mrs. Barry Pain's half dozen little dramas, for example, hurry us from the rising of the curtain to the falling thereof, at a brisk pace. The collection begins with a clearly told story of the now inevitable psychology of three persons. The rich husband who is bad and no one cares for, the beautiful wife, who is loved by and loves her husband's friend, the friend who loves the ill-treated, highly-strung wife. In "The Nine of Diamonds" no one wishes for any sort of public trouble, no one wants the *ménage à trois* arrangement. The husband decides that he or the friend must die. He suggests that the one who receives the nine of diamonds shall die. But he arranges the cards so that the third person shall get the card. He is seen doing this through a glass. He attempts to shoot the friend, has the revolver turned upon him, and is shot. He has prepared a paper which enables the friend to get out of the difficult position, and thus, perhaps, the play ends happily. But the bare story is nothing; it is the excellent drawing of the three characters, the admirable short, natural dialogue, the rapid action, which make "The Nine of Diamonds" so enthralling a piece of work. Other plays in the book are lighter and not so *raide*, but all are equally likely to give chances to the amateur for whom the clever simplicity of their construction makes them suitable. "Lost Hearts" is an amusing and charming fairy play for children.

From the clear directness of Mrs. Pain it is a long journey to the complications and mystery which Mr. Kenneth Weeks gives us in his fine extraordinary pieces. "What Women Want" is quite fine in its description of scenes, and quite too silly in its dialogue and characterisation, its development, and intention. We have recently had the advantage of writing of the same author's "Five Unpractical Plays," and fear there is very little new to add to our view. It would appear that Mr. Weeks writes to please himself and does not consider the reader for a moment. The result is often the last word of fatigue and boredom. Perhaps he voices his own views on the matter when Vivian, in "The Power of Memories," says: "There is not a man that is not a hedonist, and I am beginning to think that there is not an art that is not founded on hatred. These are two pretty convictions. When the hedonists weary, art at least does not fail. Well-possessed, it is the most faithful of friends; it is a refuge from all the banalities, stupidities, and brutalities of life."

We sincerely wish that art was "well-possessed" by Mr. Weeks. In that fortunate case his pictures of English life might show some observation other than that of externals, and his language become a little more like that which we use in this poor old country. "Dramatic Inventions" has one advantage over some other volumes by Mr. Weeks; it presents us with his portrait, which is a great help to us, but on the other hand we fancy the work is even more difficult to read than others from the same hand. One thing we can say with sincere truth; Mr. Weeks' latest book is essen-

tially one to lend to a friend who never returns that sort of loan.

"The Fugitive," is, we think, the eighth of Mr. Galsworthy's plays published in book form, and it is well worthy to follow such an excellent list. Unexpectedly, it is a work which plays as well as it reads. In both cases, especially, perhaps, in the study, one could wish that, like its heroine, fine as it is, it were just a little finer. But at least we can strongly advise all those who have not seen the play, which is written of on another page, to read it. To those who have watched the action of the tragedy we would suggest that they reconsider the matter with the aid of the printed book.

Shorter Reviews

Orpheus in der Englischen Literatur. By JULIUS WIRL. (W. Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 4 marks.)

ORPHEUS is one of the most wonderful figures in mythology. Indeed, Dr. Wirl, in the study before us, lays it down, as the result of considerable research, that no legend has more frequently or more powerfully exercised the imaginations of literary men than the composite story of the Thracian bard and the Athenian priest. English literature is especially full of Orpheus, and there is a definite pleasure in visiting or revisiting his shrines set up among us in the company of an accomplished guide. Nor are we sorry to be reminded, by Dr. Wirl, of how Virgil and how Ovid have treated the sublime legend. The former's lines have engraved themselves on many English hearts; we may agree with the new commentator that Ovid has proved a greater master in the matter, but Ovid has shared the curse of Mirabeau, and the English Orpheus and Eurydice bear the indelible stamp of Virgil, with Gluck for commentary, at least for the more musical among us. In this connection we must confess it is news to us that Virgil was more popular in the Middle Ages than Ovid; but Dr. Wirl tells us categorically that this was so.

We are always restive when we meet long abstracts of literary works. Dr. Wirl is too fond of this method, for which, however, he has ample precedent. The paraphrases of Lord Tabley's and Arthur Dillon's poems seem more irritating than useful, and, when it comes to *résumés* of famous burlesques, we think that modern methods have gone too far. The accounts of the thirteenth century poem, with its fairies, knights, and ladies, and of that of Henryson, are useful, because the originals are difficult of access. The criticism here, too, is relevant and valuable. We are surprised at finding Pope's academical exercise gravely treated, and Dryden's more famous ode that suggested its central idea ignored. Possibly we are mistaking the scope of Dr. Wirl's study, but we should have welcomed some reference to the place of Orpheus in Christian symbolism—as distinct from literary allegory.

The Travels of Ellen Cornish: Being the Memoir of a Pilgrim of Science. By VAUGHAN CORNISH. Illustrated. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS well-illustrated record of travel contains sketches of voyages to Japan, the United States, West Indies, and Panama; and the book may be taken as a memorial on the part of her husband, the author, to Ellen Cornish, who died in 1911, "a Pilgrim of Science."

The author was present in Jamaica during the great earthquake, and his account of the catastrophe, with its admirable photographs of the ruined town of Kingston, is interesting in the extreme.

His own words will best illustrate his experiences and the devotion and heroism of his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Cornish were in their sitting-room on the fateful Monday, January 14:—

A tram car came rattling up the street from the South, its noise increasing until it was opposite the house, and then, just as its travelling sound should have begun to diminish, there was a sudden increase of noise, which made me think for a moment that an accident had happened to the car; but almost immediately this noise became of appalling intensity, like that of a hundred trams in its progressive roar, accompanied, however, by a savage sound as of tearing and rending. . . . Ellen, who was sitting nearer to the outer wall, felt a tremor of the floor, and, realising that it was an earthquake, sprang to my side and clasped her arms over my head to shield me from the danger of falling masonry, to which she thus remained fully exposed.

It would not be fair to quote from the author the terrible moments which ensued. That both the author and his wife came out of the catastrophe, injured and alive, was undoubtedly due to a piece of good fortune which was almost miraculous.

Caricatures. By "TOM TITT." (New Age Press. 5s. net.)

SIXTY-ONE lively impressions are collected in this handsome book, most of them of people who are well known to the general public, and at least half the caricatures rouse that appreciative smile, increasing occasionally to an irresistible chuckle, which shows that the artist has scored a bull's-eye. This must not be misunderstood as depreciation of the other half, when nearly all are good. No one could keep a straight face while contemplating the tremendous eyebrows of Mr. John Burns as presented here, and the immense pugnacious activity suggested by the attitude. Mr. H. G. Wells, seated on a globe, with an expression of unutterable dismay at the problems of the world; Lord Kitchener, all eyes and moustache on a basis of projecting chest and rigid legs; Sir Herbert Tree, in an overwhelming pose; the Bishop of London, Mr. Garvin, and many others, are as good as the work of "Max"—who is himself pilloried—and often stronger, perhaps by reason of an effective roughness. Mr. Rosciszewsky, whose signature "Tom Titt," is

becoming well-known, has seized some of our English characteristics with surprising truth, giving just the proportion of exaggeration to emphasise the truth. He is sometimes unkind—as in the sketch of Mr. Zangwill; now and then he seems to fail—as with Sir George Alexander and Mr. Kipling; but, as a rule, he is quite successfully the genial cynic and the keen observer.

Fiction

The Passionate Friends. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

MR. WELLS continues to give us novels which have everything to make them great save the not unimportant exception of their writing. It is a distinct loss to art, which we begin to fear will never be remedied; a clear case for collaboration or at the least for the employment of a competent sub-editor with an ear for the harmonies of our language. In this story he has reached a very high point of interest for the men and women of to-day.

In the opening pages he expresses thoughts which have occurred to many of us at the deathbed of a parent. The cold serenity of those who have finished with this life bears in upon us with poignancy the whole sum of experience—of love, of suffering—that is lost to us for ever; the bitterness of our grief at the thought that the years of comradeship between fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, have left so little knowledge of their inner life. The influence of a noble life well lived, fruitful as it may be, is difficult of definition, and only the actual work done by anyone remains after them to testify to their spiritual life. Mayhap in the future a closer intimacy between the passing and the coming generations may be of help to the latter, when face to face with the crises of manhood and womanhood, and it may become possible to utilise the experience our elders won with so much agony of heart and mind, and avoid the waste of sensation in this passing pilgrimage, all we know of life. Religion may indeed help us to bear our troubles and give us courage, but it lacks the definite signposts that the protecting care and experience of parents might provide. What acute consciousness has any of us of the childhood of our parents, and have we not taken it for granted that they were beings set apart from the daily toil and pleasure of the world—superior beings, it may be, but in spite of all their love and care a little aloof?

Stratton, whose life has nearly been wrecked by a love affair, wishes his son to benefit by his experiences, and therefore tells the story of his "passionate friendship" in the series of letters of which the book consists. We wonder if the author realises exactly how searching and how true is his analysis of the heart and mind of an intelligent modern woman as portrayed in the person of Lady Mary Christian—one essentially fit to be a man's comrade and support in his battle with life, eager to

be an inspiration to him in his work, but not a wife for an ordinary man with little sense of citizenship who seeks in her only the mother of his babes?

Some impatience is aroused in the reader when Mary, instead of marrying Stratton—there had been a boy and girl love episode between them—decides to marry Justin, a wealthy financier. But the youth of the girl had been passed in easy circumstances, and so, without experience, and thirsting for the power to do things, she chose what seemed to her the simplest way—a way, it must be added, that all the combined influence of her family urged her to adopt. Stratton, desperate at the frustration of his hopes, goes out to the South African war. Five years later the two meet again, and Mary's old interest in Stratton's future and the work he is to do in the world re-kindles, till without warning their friendship bursts into flame, and all their good resolutions are scattered by the imperious demands of their love. The man is prepared to go out into the wilderness with his mate, but not so the woman; and a peace is patched up with Justin, who has suddenly discovered the true state of affairs. Unfortunately Justin has nothing to offer an intelligent woman except luxury, an intensified material life, and a beautiful home (a cage for a woman like Mary), the very opposite of the spiritual development she craves. We are not here concerned to pass judgment upon Mary and Stratton, our business is to understand and see whether, having accepted the author's situations, he provides us with any solution. Stratton goes away and eventually marries a nice girl who has been in love with him for some time. After several years he receives a letter the first of many, from Mary, who in her desperate mental loneliness wishes to keep in touch with his work.

Fate, in the shape of a chance short meeting in Switzerland, deals them a final blow. Justin hears of it, and will listen to no explanation, in spite of the fact that their love had been purified of all that was selfish and earthly: "for long spaces we did not talk at all nor feel the need of talking, and what seems strange to me now, seeing that we had been impassioned lovers, we never kissed; we never kissed at all; I do not ever remember that I thought of kissing her. We had a shyness between us that kept us a little apart, and I cannot remember that we ever touched one another except that for a time she took me and led me by the hand towards a little place of starry flowers that had drawn her eyes and which she wished me to see. Already for us two our bodies were dead and gone." Proceedings for divorce are instituted, and to save Stratton's work, to prevent the ruin of his home, Mary commits suicide. Their last pathetic interview when she has already decided, unknown to him, on her death, is a masterpiece of sympathy.

In the final scene between Stratton and Justin, Mr. Wells conveys his message. "'Stratton,' he said, 'we two—we killed her. We tore her to pieces between us. . . . I made no answer to this outbreak. 'We tore her to pieces,' he repeated. 'It's so damned

silly. One gets angry—like an animal.' I became grotesquely anxious to assure him that, indeed, she and I had been, as they say, innocent throughout our last day together. 'You were wrong in all that,' I said. 'She kept her faith with you. We never planned to meet, and when we met—if we had been brother and sister—indeed, there was nothing.' 'I suppose,' he said, 'I ought to be glad of that. But now it doesn't seem to matter very much. We killed her. . . What does that matter to me now?'"

The Vulgar Lover. By VINCENT BROWN. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

MR. BROWN takes a very long time to tell a very simple story. "The Vulgar Lover" is written in the first person by the brother of Clara Rhoden, who is the wife of Juxon Rhoden, a rich merchant more given to making money than appreciating the beauty of life. This merchant has quarrelled with his son Sidney, who is in love with an illiterate village maiden possessing plenty of "cheek." Mr. Rhoden has absented himself from his home on several occasions, and it is discovered by first one, then another, in the village that the companion of his short holidays has been Mrs. Annie Slond, the wife of a shoemaker, and formerly a servant in his own house. Eventually Mrs. Slond gets tired of her vulgar lover and returns to her husband. The same night Mr. Rhoden is killed, and Sidney is accused of the crime. There is material here for many good incidents and dramatic situations, but Mr. Brown does not make the best of them. He places his characters in the right position, but they do not become sufficiently enthusiastic over their parts. Their actions should be forcible when they are dealing with matters of life or death. An opportunity is missed, too, in leaving the reader outside the court when Sidney is tried for patricide. The interviews between Slond and Mr. Croft do not strike one as such clever pieces of by-play as they do the author. There are one or two indications in the book that Mr. Brown could write a better story than this one if he would only become more interested in his own characters.

Jean and Louise. From the French of ANTONIN DUSSERRE by JOHN N. RAPHAEL. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Raphael tells us in his preface that "Jean and Louise" is the "first book of a self-taught peasant of Auvergne," a reviewer is apt to look more leniently upon it than he would upon a work not claiming any such distinction. The story is a village idyll, and comes as a refreshing fruit, cleansing and sweetening to the palate after the "problem" and pamphlet novels which so many English writers persist in giving us, not occasionally as medicine, but as our daily food. Jean has met with an accident resulting in the loss of an arm. On account of this, his sweetheart gives him up, and from thenceforth Jean feels very bitter towards every-

thing in general and women in particular. Louise is a foundling child, employed as a shepherdess. The girl is very lovely, and she and Jean meet and spend many happy days together on the hillside. Louise soon loves poor Jean, and the charming manner in which the good and simple little girl tries to win him from his morbid outlook on life and also to a more intimate knowledge of her dainty little self is well told. After much perseverance she succeeds, but there is great opposition from Jean's father and sister—the latter is a horrible, vindictive woman. The lovers are not altogether blameless, and their trial is made greater and greater until tragedy wrenches them apart. It is not easy to say how much revision Mr. Raphael has thought necessary to give the original manuscript—perhaps a little only of the description is partly his work. At all events, we welcome the story, and hope it will have a wide appreciation from English readers.

The Shadow of the Dragon. By CECILIA MOORE. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

AN attempt is made in this book to depict some of the horrors of the white slave traffic as it is carried on in the East. The author has endeavoured to give a slight picture of the manner in which a young girl is decoyed by an unscrupulous man and woman, and sold to the keeper of a bad house. Evidently Miss Moore has kept before her all the time that she must not offend the taste and susceptibilities of her readers. Unfortunately many readers' tastes must be offended and their placid contentment be shaken before a sufficient number actually realise the horrors of this trade; therefore it is doubtful whether a novel written in the light manner of "The Shadow of the Dragon" does anything but lead people to imagine that all's right with the world without anybody taking very much trouble about anything, and that each pretty victim doubtless has an heroic deliverer who will make his appearance at the right moment, as does Lord Masefield in the story. The descriptions are not particularly good, and some of the incidents are very improbable, so that the story fails to rouse one's indignation or excite one's interest.

The Secret Citadel. By ISABEL C. CLARKE. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

SELDOM in real life does marriage alter the character of a man to such an extent as is depicted here. Godfrey Jupp-Denne, one of the participants in the wealth created by Jupp's soap—of which Godfrey is thoroughly ashamed—pursues Melanie Ettrington through nearly two hundred pages of indecision—pages in which every relative and almost every acquaintance is consulted as to whether a Protestant man may wed with a Catholic woman. Having obtained a negative decision on the point, Godfrey and Melanie marry, when the ardent lover is suddenly transformed into a cold and heartless husband. He drives his wife down to the gates of death, and we are left at the end to assume that love

will conquer Godfrey and bring about an ideal married state. Except for the objection to soap on the part of several characters—pecuniarily, not personally—we are unable to discover more plot than this. The citadel is the Catholic church, besieged in vain by Godfrey—but the title is hardly apposite. There is much of rather wearisome description in the book, but this is relieved by passages of entertaining dialogue, by means of which, in spite of the author's cumbrous ways of handling English, interest is sustained to the end. The chief aim seems to be a study of the strength of the Romish Church—its impregnability and the hold it has over its followers; but this aim is obscured, to a certain extent, by the irresolution of the principal characters. Melanie, capable of keeping Godfrey in suspense through so many chapters, was capable of anything.

Valentine. By GRANT RICHARDS. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 6s.)

THE hero, Valentine Barat, is an average upper middle class young man with a more than average father. For about two-thirds of the book we are given a slightly stodgy account of Valentine's development, and then suddenly the story wakes up, if the phrase may be allowed, and races excitingly—only to fizzle out in the end. As a story, "Valentine" is decidedly disappointing.

The elder Barat, architect by profession, conceived the idea of a colossal structure in London which should make his name famous, and on the day that his project was fully realised he died. Valentine, in going through his father's papers, discovers an error in the plans which renders the great building terribly unsafe, and at the cost of his own fortune the son determines to make public the news of the error. At the very last minute he learns that the error has been corrected, and he is at liberty to keep his fortune and marry the inevitable girl of the story. It seems a Shavian method of dealing with a dramatic situation, and we step down with a jerk from strong drama to the lightest of light comedy.

Yet this weak story forms a peg on which to hang many clever paragraphs. The author knows the world of which he writes, at times brilliantly, and always well. We are not nearly so much impressed by Valentine and his friends and enemies as we are by the author—the god obscures his machine, revealing himself as one who has learned the art of living. We do not doubt that he could order a Savoy or Carlton dinner to perfection, and we feel convinced that he could make the function such an entertainment that it would never be remembered as a meal. In brief, here is very little in the way of a novel, but some very sound instruction in the arts of spending money and killing time.

Messrs. John Long, Ltd., will shortly publish a new novel entitled "Sowing Clover," by George Wouil, a new author, a sympathetic study of the Black Country.

The Theatre

"The Fugitive" at the Court Theatre

WE think that there is no subject however mean or even absurd that genius may not transmute into a fine play. We live in a thousand worlds; that is why life is possible. Some of them are joyous far beyond human desert, others merciless and grim, filled to the edge with fatal bitterness. This last is the sort of world that Mr. Galsworthy shows us in his play "The Fugitive." In one sense it is the world of "Nan," a drama which Mr. Galsworthy admires so fully, and it shares that tragedy's characteristic of heaping misfortune upon misfortune for the person of the play that we love best, and thus robbing us of hope and satisfaction. In making the life of his heroine, Clare, so intensely and unnecessarily unhappy we think the author is artistically at fault. But if he should be right in that matter, "The Fugitive" still remains by far the most important play produced on our stage for many a long day.

The author has chosen to interest us in the character of an exceptional woman, who after five years of married life cannot endure the companionship of her husband, and yet has no resources to which she can turn. Unfortunately for the convenience and comfort of herself and her friends, she is encouraged to some vague sort of flight towards freedom by a perfectly irresponsible and unattractive man, Malise, who happens also to be what one may call an Ibsenite journalist. In any case, he belongs to a past period, and his connection with the beautiful and well-bred Clare Dedmond is the one point in the play which does not convince. Otherwise Mr. Galsworthy draws with a firm and sincere hand a remarkable picture of modern life complicated by the unknown quantity of a sensitive, proud, untrained woman's impulsive actions.

The main theme of "The Fugitive," which deals with the fate in store for any person who is disadjusted to environment, is well suggested throughout the play by the allusions to hunting:—

With a hey ho, chivy—
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!

Clare is hopelessly unfortunate in her surroundings and her character. She thus becomes the quarry, and society generally, and her husband and family particularly, the members of the hunt.

Although the author underlines this aspect of his tragedy, he states his case as usual with apparent fairness to all the persons of the play. George Dedmond, excellently presented by Mr. Claude King, is the husband who has married the dowerless and beautiful Clare; in a thousand little ways, and some big ones, he has disgusted her, but he means to hold her whether she will or no—not that he is in the least unreasonable. He is prepared to make all sorts of concessions, and up to the last to provide her with money and so forth.

But he cannot touch her heart, and each effort of his seems to his wife one more brutal outrage which forces her further and further away from him. George's father and mother, Sir Charles and Lady Dedmond—made perfectly genuine and living people by the art of Mr. Nigel Playfair and Miss Alma Murray—like their son, are quite reasonable, and desire what is best for both of the younger people. Their attempts only frighten Clare in the direction of her absurd flight towards freedom. Her friend, her best "pal," Mrs. Fullarton, Miss Estelle Winwood, possesses a husband who is already inclined to look upon Clare as a deer to be hunted, and she is therefore far from being able to help Mrs. Dedmond.

Miss Irene Rooke undertakes to give us the subtle and difficult character of Clare; all her unreasonableness, all her sweetness and generosity and pride; her quickly hurt vanity and utter lack of all things which are common, including common sense, are clearly shown. Although one understands and sympathises with the hunt, the quarry, too, is sure of our devotion as she is at present played.

Thus, although the character of the heroine may be far from an example of present-day womanhood, and the circumstances of the surroundings rather forced and, as it were, made to suit the author's mood, we follow every word of the play with ever-growing interest, and realise that all the characters, except the Malise of Mr. Milton Rosmer, are real people, many of whom we have known and liked. The story is simple. After constant disagreement with her husband and frequent meetings with Malise, Clare disappears from her home and obtains a place in a shop—where she is very unhappy. The deer is lost sight of for a time, but the hounds are still at work. She is discovered, and the run begins again. She leaves the shop, and this time takes covert in Malise's chambers. She has come to love him; he thinks he loves her. Eventually she finds that her husband's actions will ruin Malise, and that he has ceased to love her, if he ever cared. Clare was never reasonable, only noble. Now she loses such little sense of proportion as she possessed, and hurries from Malise with the wild intention of living upon the men who have always admired and hunted her in public. Of course, she is unable to carry out such a plan. At her first attempt she kills herself. The scene is the supper-room of a gilded hotel. In the next room the Gaddesdon Hunt is holding its Derby night supper. While Clare is at table with a young man, played with admirable sense of character and tact by Mr. Vincent Clive, she hears the members of the hunt singing.

"'This day a stag must die.' Jolly old song!" she says, and later, when she realises more fully her actual position, and she is alone, she pours the laudanum, which she once took from Malise, into her champagne. She drinks, smiling, and dies.

As her friend says of her, she is too fine and yet not fine enough. She was a beautiful creature, unfitted for the world as we have made it; she falls from the

ranks. It is inevitable, but full of the tears and pity of deep tragedy.

"The Fugitive" is not a perfect play—when shall we see that?—but it is a psychological romance, finely imagined and admirably played by Miss Rooke and the carefully chosen company, one which all interested in modern drama should see. After this date the play will be given at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

"The Harbour Watch" and "Interlopers" at the Royalty Theatre

THE programme which follows the immensely popular "Milestones" of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Knoblauch is made up in a curious and interesting way.

Firstly, we are given Mr. Rudyard Kipling's short play, which provides Mr. George Tully with the splendid part of Edward Glass, R.M.L.I., a character which he has made more original and telling since he played it at the first matinée some time ago. The Glass of Mr. Tully and the young Albert Blashford, R.N., of Mr. Lawford Davidson, make what might well be a futile and old-fashioned piece of work into an attractive and convincing study of a marine and a young sailor. Both in their totally different ways persuade us of the sincerity and reality of a play which certainly needs this skill on the part of the actors. Although a much less important part than that of Mr. Tully, the reticence and vigour of Mr. Davidson's Blashford is very necessary to the success of "The Harbour Watch." He appears to be that rather rare bird in theatrical coverts, a young actor not only of promise, but one who can perform with perfect surety and tact. As for the rest, Mr. Kipling does not try to interest us in them; they are personages of the theatre and not remarkably good even in that modest capacity.

The programme goes on to give us some forty minutes of intervals during the evening—a very old-world and stupid practice which we hoped had been abandoned long since.

In the spaces of time between these entr'actes four short scenes of Mr. H. M. Harwood's new comedy, "Interlopers," are carefully, and in leisurely fashion, set before us.

The comedy is a serious sociological matter written with admirable lightness and cleverness. The topic is the tyranny of the youngest generation and the loss a husband sustains when his wife becomes a devoted mother and nothing else.

As an essay in dialectics on this subject the play is not very successful. For Jack Chisholm, Mr. Norman Trevor, and Margaret, his wife, Miss Evelyn Weeden, really misunderstand and continue to love each other. Whereas if Mr. Harwood had wanted to prove anything he would have shown that a too devoted mother had lost the love of her husband and misfortune followed.

As it is the author allows what appears to have been his original intention to pass from view, and gives us a

delightful and human comedy. It is true that the management, or somebody, takes the whole play too slowly and treats obvious points as though they were epoch-making situations, but the play is not spoilt by such meticulous care; it survives, and holds us by its sincerity and human force.

As the husband Jack, who revolts against his wife's absorption in motherhood, and her self-satisfied and cool lack of sympathy, Mr. Trevor is completely convincing if not altogether attractive. The same may be said of Miss Evelyn Weeden as his wife. She plays splendidly, but it is difficult to be warmly interested in a husband and wife who are so essentially foolish. It is Iris Mahoney, Miss Miriam Lewes, who engages our delight. She takes life so wisely and so lightly. She falls in love with Jack at Como, and makes him happy for a time. And it is she and Margaret's brother, Peter—made a most attractive worldling by Mr. Dennis Eadie—who give life and zest to the comedy, and help us to laugh at the absurdities of our own natures, absurdities which often cause us all so much misery.

As the plot develops we see that Jack and Margaret are just the only people to make one another happy, and that the wit, such as Peter, and the sincere and pagan beauty, Iris, have no real place in our respectable, well-arranged, utilitarian world. They are, we suppose, the actual interlopers in life's dull round as depicted in Mr. Harwood's comedy; these two clever people, and not the children, who the author, perhaps, proposes shall be endowed with the title rôle.

But this point is of no importance; the main matter being that an interesting and amusing comedy is wrought out of what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones would call a play of ideas. An excellent comedy is built, and an accomplished company perform it. Among the minor characters Miss Isabel Ross gives a clever picture of the young girl of our day who does not mind facing the facts of life and telling us so in fresh and racy phrases. To a great extent "The Interlopers" is a comedy which leaves the beaten track of which we are so weary, and should, therefore, succeed—but we grow more and more doubtful of the public. Perhaps its presentation may be against it.

With long intervals and a general pompousness about the programme, the setting forth of these two plays has an almost sacramental air as though Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Eadie were persons of pontifical importance instead of a couple of tradesmen, one of whom happens to be an artist as well. But we trust this atmosphere of condescension on the part of the managers will not be allowed to destroy the chances of "The Interlopers," which is full of cleverness and charm, candour, and sincerity—qualities which cover a multitude of less admirable things. It is a play which will appeal alike to those who wish to be merely amused and to those who appreciate a comedy of subtle wit and far-reaching ideas.

"Mary Goes First" at the Playhouse

HONOURS and dignities, stratagems and pretences, precedence and the wild comedy of the small things of life are the subjects which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones makes so amusing in his latest and perhaps his gayest comedy. Incidentally, he has exactly fitted Miss Marie Tempest and the rest of an accomplished company in "Mary Goes First."

It is not, of course, a play of ideas, such as Mr. Jones wrote of in the preface to "The Divine Gift," although such things lurk within the witty dialogue and curious complications. Above all it is a light and lively entertainment, full of acute observation and cunning art, crowded with wit and compact of merriment and human nature.

Miss Tempest is, of course, Mary who wants to go first in to dinner whenever there is a party in Warkinstall. How she manages to get there is the amusing story of the play, and why she should be so keen about no great matter is made clear to us by the particular sort of character that the actress puts into the part.

Her dresses alone would explain her if her every movement, every action, every intonation did not complete a vivid drawing of Mrs. Whichello. To gain her end naturally a victim must be sacrificed. This is Lady Dodsworth, played by Miss Hamley Clifford with great skill, whose husband has become a knight and who for that reason takes the lead in Warkinstall society which Mrs. Whichello had previously held. This seems to you a rather trifling intrigue, but go and see the play and you will agree with us that there are no dull moments in any of the four acts of "Mary Goes First."

This is the happy result of the marriage of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' alert art with the skill of such players as those we have mentioned, and Mr. Charles V. France, as the husband of Mary, a perfect impersonation, and Mr. Graham Browne, as the solicitor of Mary, and Miss Margaret Brühling, as the sister of Mary, and the rest. Seldom has a comedy been imagined in so light a spirit, rarely have English actors played with so delicate a touch and such firm and convincing effect.

Mr. Jones and Miss Tempest and their audiences are to be congratulated. "Mary Goes First" is a comedy which may well outlive a hundred more ambitious attempts and delight the English-speaking public for many a season to come, not by reason of its political satire, which is already threadbare, but because it is natural and gay, human and a work of art.

EGAN MEW.

Mr. W. L. Courtney, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is about to appear as a writer of short stories, a collection of which is announced by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled "The Soul of a Suffragette." On the same day the same publishers will issue from the pen of Mrs. Fred Reynolds a study of childhood entitled "The Woman Flinches."

Popular Music

DURING a recent tour of the West Country, that famous brass band, "The Besses of the Barn," stoutly declined every request for "ragtime," the bandmaster remarking that "such stuff was not worth carrying about." To that bandmaster I take off my hat. Much as I enjoyed their rendering of the operas of my childhood—Donizetti, Rossini, Verdi—their fine attack, their wonderful part-playing of hymns, I appreciated most of all this sturdy resistance of a perverted taste for hashed-up nigger melodies that has lately filtered down from the smart set to the social underworld, till we hear it alike on the Steinway grand in my lady's drawing-room and on the barrel organ in the slums. There is no profound mystery about this curiously uneven measure, for I have heard it, or something very like it, coming from the doors of negro shacks in Louisiana and even thrummed on tom-toms by savages in Africa, and if Europe is to go to such ideals for its music, then truly we are looking backward.

Music is beautiful in moderation, but either extreme of loving or hating it is not for the average man. I cannot share that fine contempt of it that makes schoolboys forget the little they knew as soon as possible in the mistaken belief that a taste for music is incompatible with good sportsmanship. Colonel Hawker, a hard-bitten wildfowler if ever there was one, had a passion for Grand Opera, and he who has some slight proficiency with the piano or violin need not affect the fireworks, the tangled locks, or the dubious underwear of the virtuoso who slays his ten thousands at Queen's Hall.

Yet a taste for music is not necessarily a virtue. You have it, or you lack it, just as you have, or lack, a taste for sport, travel, or philandering. These proclivities are a birthright, and, so far at any rate as music goes, the attempt to cultivate it in uncongenial soil has been productive of more acute human suffering than any other crime I could name. It is rank nonsense to call a man a villain just because he has no ear for music, for as well might we ostracise his neighbour who is colour-blind. There are even moments in which we may legitimately hate it, as I do when the next-door flapper gives me an hour of ragtime and makes me long for the fainter harmonies of the old clavichord, on which not even Heine's pet aversion Droyschok could have done much damage. The piano is misnamed as well as mishandled. We call it, for short, by the first half of its name, whereas the second would, in the vast majority of cases, be more descriptive of the manner in which it is played. Its chief advantage is that those who maltreat it cannot carry it about with them as they would a fiddle or a flute, and when they visit their friends, these should find it possible to lock the piano and lose the key.

A taste for music need not be an obsession, and one may be fond of it without wanting to sit through the "Ring," blinking at a marked score. Perhaps its

greatest charm lies in association, in the memories it evokes of better days, of vanished hands, of voices that are still. It makes the laggard march without complaint, it makes cowards fight without fear. Even now, after all these years, I can remember how, as volunteers in a public school cadet corps, we marched the better for the inspiring strains of "I'm Ninety-Five" and other regimental airs. One of the most recent manifestations of the power of music as an aid to illusion may be seen in any of those popular places of amusement colloquially known as "The Sinnymar," where it has times and again been demonstrated that the "living" pictures scarcely live at all in a silent hall, whereas the running accompaniment of a piano supplies all the absent sound of human voices, galloping horses, running water, or whatever noise may be incidental to the subject on the sheet.

A taste for music is very well, but why have we bowed the knee to this Yankee fetish of ragtime? Even the coon songs of ten years ago were bad enough. The American, having slain half his own friends to free lazy negroes from the compulsion of work, went to the other extreme, and made much of the crude music of the banana patch, so that the love affairs of "darkies," which are usually disgusting and invariably grotesque, were sung by dainty maidens whose lips might better have framed the emotions of their own race. That was bad enough, but the ragtime is infinitely worse, with its semi-civilised setting of a barbarous measure. I understand that its so-called "inventor" is a very young man. At any rate, he is a very clever one, for he has been given the credit for a rhythm that was thrummed on banjos before he was born. The adjustment of this accent to more or less tuneful melody has sent society on both sides of the Atlantic into one of those transports of bad taste and foolishness which, only a few years ago, extolled the hideous apache dance as the last cry in terpsichorean art. It is too late to recall the minuet and pavane; it is useless to sigh for the harpsichord and virginals; but give—oh, give me back the sweeter music we loved in the days when Gounod and Sullivan reached the hearts of a generation not yet uneducated to ragtime. This worship of the sons of Ham curiously recalls that historic occasion on which the idolaters of Dura flung themselves prostrate on hearing the cornet, flute, harp, and dulcimer. Yet theirs was, at any rate, an image of pure gold and not an effigy in ebony.

F. G. A.

"The Romance of Bible Chronology," an exposition of the meaning and a demonstration of the truth of every chronological statement contained in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, by the Rev. Martin Anstey, B.D., M.A., will be published in November, in two volumes, price 7s. 6d. net. All profits of this edition will be devoted to the funds of the London City Mission, and orders must be sent to the author, 3, Bridewell Place, London, E.C.

In Fiord-Land.—III

BY W. H. KOEBEL.

THE carriage had drawn up in front of the Hotel Norge, a pleasant, white, long building which looked upon tree-covered public gardens. That the hotel laid claim to cosmopolitanism we recognised from the abundance of gold lace with which the hall-porter was decorated. Much luggage was being introduced—too much for our peace of mind—and lofty piles of other peoples' trunks already encumbered the entrance.

The hall-porter having glanced at us, was dubiously scanning a large blackboard upon which rows of names were chalked. Presently our hearts sank. The man was regarding us with that air of mingled pride and sorrow which is characteristic of the official of a full hotel. Perhaps it was the dawning melancholy on our faces which caused him to relent. At all events he turned again to the blackboard, and uttered a verdict of compromise. It was a mere question of Mahomet and the Mountain. If the rooms could not swell, we could shrink. A little compression and partnership would arrange the thing, it seemed. About our boxes, floating upwards, sounded a sigh of relief. . . .

Chairs and benches were arranged on the pathway to the right and left of the hotel entrance. On some of these we sat. This spot was undoubtedly the hub of Bergen. It appeared to us a remarkable fact that almost everyone we had seen on the *Aaro*, and a number of others whose faces had previously been familiar to us, passed and re-passed with an almost clockwork certainty. This, we discovered later, was characteristic of Bergen. The streets seem to be contrived so that if two persons should start out from any quarter at the same hour they are almost bound to meet! For a town of its size the proportion of chance encounter is astonishing.

From time to time foolish tourists—of both sexes—came hastening light-heartedly up to the entrance, only to retire with sobered mien in search of another hotel. We ourselves firmly ensconced, crossed our legs, surveyed the green and dim blue mountains beyond the trees and house-tops, and began to feel at home. We even sympathised with the sublime attitude of the hall-porter. One day, we decided, we would keep an hotel ourselves. It is such a pleasant luxury to wave away really affluent-looking folk in search of rooms as though they were begging for bread—as, of course, they really are!

When we had sat long enough to feel comparatively veteran inhabitants, we set out to see Bergen. From the very start we had realised that it is a physical impossibility to get lost in this friendly spot. Never was there a less secretive town. All roads lead to its central plain of houses, and about these are the inlets of the Fiords, and the mountains. The matron of our party is wont to hesitate at any route between Piccadilly and Oxford Street less direct than Bond Street. But

here she strode forth with a strange and unerring confidence that embraced the whole town.

Presently we arrived at the quays devoted to the small passenger steamers of the Fiords. Is the English railway station an index to our existence? Perhaps, save that we have more degrees of railway stations than those of carriages. For instance, it would be rash to compare the ethics of a Tube station with those of the main line platforms of, say, Euston or Paddington. Norway is less intricate. These quaysides here are eloquent to a degree of the Norwegian—his wife, child, and life.

Dozens of the little screw steamers—some of a size which made us wonder whether they were fair-sized launches or toy-liners—lay end to end. Sometimes one would go; sometimes one would arrive. There was nothing strange or characteristic in that. That which was curious was the density with which humanity packed itself into these craft. In no other country would such crowds have squeezed themselves without confusion into so confined a space. A little ship about to depart was invariably worth the watching. The number of homeward bound pleasure-travellers, marketing folk, men of affairs, farmers and peasants, was immense. Then—some ten minutes after the spectator had decided that the vessel was incapable of holding another person—the human stream on the gangway would cease, the plank would fall, and the gallant miniature steamer would glide out into the Fiord, bound for its own particular set of coast villages.

And then—there was the Hanseatic Museum. The thing sprang out from an ambush, as it were, and stood facing us from across the road. The ladies—the matron, the maid, and the imp—made a bolt for the door, bit in mouth. Seeing that there was no help for it, we followed. If it was really necessary to see a museum, better now than later!

After all, it was a rapid function. An intelligent young curator, a perfect master of English, told us all about the Hanseatic merchants, their apprentices, their customs, their habits, and their theories. It was quite a relief to find that, even in those stern old people, these two last did not agree.

Ostensibly the Hanseatic merchant was a sheer devotee to commerce, a sworn celibate. In reality—well, there were side doors, and curious entrances which made possible illicit conviviality and the lighter joys. Beneath his austerity, the Hansa merchant was a man of affections—bless him! His apprentices may have known nothing of his unofficial moments; but his temper of a morning must have depended not a little on these, as did no doubt his pupils' immunity or suffering from the blows of the rather gruesome scourge exhibited in the museum.

We came out with a light heart. It had been worth seeing, and our consciences were at peace. And then, having concluded for once and all with bricks and mortar, we toiled up the excellent zig-zag road which led

up the nearest lofty hill, and from its summit surveyed the panorama of Bergen. Never did groups of buildings blend themselves more charmingly with the trees and the shining inlets of water.

Filled with a new respect, we returned. At the hotel the eight o'clock meal awaited us—locally termed supper—but in this case dinner under another name. Pleased with the repast, the subsequent coffee and ourselves, we discussed the different merits of liqueurs, and after various mental hoverings, descended, metaphorical butterflies, upon the green flower of *Crème-de-Menthe*.

Now came the first—and almost the last—serious shock we were destined to suffer in Norway. The waiter received the order with a head-shake. There was no *Crème-de-Menthe* to be had! Nor Cognac, nor Kummel, nor Benedictine! Nor even whisky! In fact, the retail traffic in all spirits was prohibited—officially, these things were not, in Norway.

We went carefully into the matter, and eventually found it not unconnected with the voting power of the Norwegian women. But of this more later. At the time we were concerned with practical remedies, and had no leisure for theories.

Would it be an abuse of metaphor to say that Columbus smashed an egg in order to show that there were more ways than one of leading a horse to water? The hall-porter did something similar. At least he achieved a seeming impossibility. As a favour he provided a bottle of whisky. It is possible then, to buy a bottle, but not a portion of it! The ways of temperance are strange!

It seemed certain that we should have to carry our own cellar with us, as we were on the verge of our genuine and serious travels.

Notes for Collectors

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH CONNOISSEUR.

IF anyone doubts the delight of hobby hunting he should read Mr. Joseph Lucas' lively book just published by Fisher Unwin (5s. net), which he calls "*Our Villa in Italy*."

The volumes written by absolutely happy men are rare indeed, but Mr. Lucas has provided such a treasure for the amusement and instruction of the thousands of people interested in the old arts of that home of the arts in Europe, Italy. He begins by telling you that all wise connoisseurs must spend the first months of the year in the South. You agree. Then you find that hotel life in Italy, say, is not quite so comfortable as it seemed at first, and so your mind turns to thoughts of a villa of your own which you can use as you like from January to May. Mr. Lucas soon came to this opinion, and then he tells you how he found a fifteenth century Tuscan villa which he has made comfortable and beautiful with old Italian arts and crafts. Sometimes he has had to buy his Florentine furniture far

afield. A Tuscan cabinet and one of Genoese workmanship were purchased in Eastbourne and replanted on their more or less native soil. It is such adventures—which covered two and a half years—with which he interests his readers. His account of the buying of a fine old walnut cassapanea, a substantial settee, 9 feet long and 28 inches deep, is an epic. Few of these large Tuscan pieces of furniture remain, and it is said they generally sell for over £400. But Mr. Lucas tracked one down in Florence. It had been repaired, but skilfully. The original price was 2,500 lire, but the collector eventually became its owner at 1,750 lire—about £87, is it not?

This is something the story of all the beautiful examples of fifteenth century or later Tuscan walnut that have been collected for the villa. In telling of these victories the author gives a delightful picture of the humours of the sport in which he was engaged, and incidentally presents us with excellent photographs of most of his pieces. These examples alone incline one to devote oneself to early Italian cabinet work, but, of course, the day for buying it, except at very large prices, is on the wane, and even the wonderful stores of Italy are almost empty. America and most of the European nations have long since made raid after raid upon the glories of the Renaissance, and have now carried away most of the simpler and earlier examples of plainer periods.

But the chapter on Mr. Lucas' furniture is but one of many in his book. That dealing with the collection of majolica is almost dithyrambic. "The love of old Italian majolica grows on you if once you are tangled in its thralls," he writes. "Its harmonious colouring is bewitchingly beautiful; lights, subtle and ethereal, flush its soft and velvety surface; the painting is bold and vigorous, making it a thing of beauty and a joy in your cabinet. Nothing excels it elsewhere in the whole realm of pottery. Collecting it is a fascinating hobby; but you make slow progress. . . ." and then our usual regrets that we had not begun to collect a little earlier.

Such a feeling of disappointment will haunt all generations. We would, therefore, beg you to read Mr. Lucas' delightful book and haste to Italy early next year and make an effort to prove that the writer of "*Our Villa in Italy*" is mistaken in thinking that one cannot still have good sport in this connection throughout the length of that delicious country about which he writes so charmingly.

E. M.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish immediately a new volume by Miss Violet Hunt, entitled "*The Desirable Alien*." Miss Hunt's book describes personal experiences in Germany, and gives an impressionistic picture of home life in the Fatherland. "*What Tolstoy Taught*" is the title of a book by Mr. Bolton Hall, which the same firm have nearly ready. Mr. Hall provides in lucid form a complete analysis of Tolstoy's teachings, religious and social.

Indian Reviews

IT is satisfactory to find the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) of August 6 not opposing Lord Carmichael's endeavours to restore peace and order in Bengal. His lordship has had time to learn his Province, and when he takes positive measures for this purpose he is likely to be abused generally by the Native Press, as Lord Crewe is for defending the recent Immigration Act in South Africa. The Calcutta University is resenting the Government of India's rejection of some of its appointed lecturers, and a public meeting was held to dictate to the Government what their educational policy should be. According to the latest telegram, the Government has not yielded to clamour on the question of the lecturers. The Administrative Council for Travancore, as in Mysore, is a step in advance. The editor strongly reprobates a recrudescence of *suttee* as a horrible stain on Hindu spirituality. In commenting on the proposals for reform of the India Office, he suggests the abolition of the system of appointing those whom he calls superannuated civilians unfit for further service in India to the Council, and asks for three Indian members instead of two.

Any reduction of the civilian element in the Council will weaken it; the two Indian members have still to justify their presence. Some papers on the Changing Spirit in India may be read. The untouchable classes and the protection of women and minor girls are questions pressing for solution; the information available shows ample cause for action. The prevention of crime and religious discussions fill a journal, without any result. Equally profitless, for practical purposes, is it to discuss perpetually the progressiveness of religious bodies or the maintenance of religious and charitable institutions. There cannot be anything new to say every week. The declaration by Mr. Montagu in his Budget speech that there is no chance of any reduction of the military charges in India is regarded as greatly disappointing, but the criticisms on the speech are not weighty or convincing. The Gaekwar is much praised for the reforms introduced into the Baroda State; the real point is whether they are mere paper schemes or are in actual operation and likely to endure. Referring to the Board of Trade's conclusion that the cost of living in Great Britain has increased by ten per cent. in food and clothing, the editor declares that in India the increase is very nearly fifty per cent. Some authoritative pronouncement in India may be expected on this, as there is a general cry that the increase has been very large, specially affecting the classes on limited and fixed incomes. Sir Bradford Leslie's criticisms on the plans for the New Delhi have this journal's support. Mr. Skrine's "Glimpse of Madras in 1769" consists of long extracts from a lively autobiography lately published.

The *Collegian* (Calcutta) No. 1, for August, describes the magnificent donation of ten lakhs—£66,600—by Dr. Rash Bihari Ghosh, the eminent lawyer, to the proposed University of Science in Calcutta, which Sir

Taraknath Palit richly endowed a year ago. The University will thus be enabled to create at once four new University professorships, give stipends to some distinguished graduates engaged in research and investigation, and found some studentships, the balance of the income to be applied to maintaining the scientific laboratory. The condition is again asserted that the Chairs are always to be filled by Indians, born of Indian parents. Thus the Scientific University will be well equipped from the start, and more benefactions are expected in an interminable series. The dawn of an era of remarkable development is prophesied. The Vice-Chancellor of the University is to be congratulated on the great progress attained during his prolonged tenure of office. The Senate's letter regarding the vetoed University professors is verbose, and, so far as reprinted, does not touch the real objection that the professors had been concerned with politics. Simultaneously a technological institute for Calcutta is being developed; the initial and recurring charges will be considerable, running into lakhs. Alternatives to literary education are thus being provided with speed and thoroughness. But it is not encouraging to read that the average Indian hitherto trained in technical institutions has been found unreliable, whereas employers require in their apprentices not merely technical knowledge but a reputation for industry, reliability, and resource, besides a good physique. The Indians have received ample warning on these points; it is the old story, often repeated. A psychological speculation on the conduct of rats under certain circumstances presents an appearance of misplaced ingenuity.

The *Rajput Herald* (London) for August wisely advises Indians not to expect too much from the Currency Commission, but to co-operate among themselves for the opening of banks, capitalised and conducted by themselves, and intended for Indians. The editor opposes the idea of a State bank as likely to involve complications and kill private bank enterprise. The point will assuredly not escape the Commission, though it may be doubted whether Indian banks on a large scale are likely to be established in the future; the field has been open to them in the past, but has remained unoccupied. This journal asks for the entire repeal of the Immigration Restriction Act, passed lately in South Africa, and threatens to "compel her statesmen to climb down from their heights of arrogance." Mr. Gokhale is blamed, in passing, for ignoring the principles of Imperialism and basing his plea for the Indians on humanitarian grounds. The character sketch of the Maharao of Kotah greatly resembles that of other Rajput princes: a family likeness runs throughout, though the details vary. When the type is so favourable, the similarity may be accepted. In describing the administration of Mysore, the leading Hindu State in India, the writer can hardly find language to express his enthusiastic praise of its excellence and the virtues of the rulers, though it is not clear why he should describe the constitutional ruler as the head of a democracy. The fifty years that Mysore was under British

government established sound principles of administration, on which the restored dynasty has built. Another writer admits the failings of certain Native States, and makes suggestions for their improvement, chiefly in agriculture and industries. A plea advanced for unity among the Hindu princes, so that they may work together, regardless of castes and creeds, is ideal, not to say Utopian. They certainly can do much to originate social reforms, but jealousy is not unknown as a potent factor in causing dissensions.

The repeated papers on Indian Nationalism become wearisome; it is something that the writer does not advocate that India should discard Western ways. The history of the Royal House of Rajkot may be interesting locally, but the plethora of tedious names renders it impossible to read. A writer with an English name spoils his case regarding the treatment of Indians in Canada by a tissue of statements which, to say the least, are incorrect. After repeating the flagrant inaccuracy that "India is being drained of its wonderful wealth," he says, "there is no chance in India for the native who wants to improve his outlook in life." Canada excludes Indians for the same economic reason that actuates the other self-governing Colonies; and the Imperial Government cannot interfere to insist on Indians being admitted. The notes of progress in Rajputana may always be read with pleasure; no part of the Empire better deserves encouragement. The extracts from reviews are very numerous and full. Mr. Elwin's book on India and the Indians was too well informed and outspoken to escape being stigmatised as "a commonplace book, written from the standpoint of a bigoted Christian missionary, offering no particular inducement to an intelligent reader."

Nijinsky

IT is a trite thing now to say that Russia is not the most Eastern of Western nations, but the most Western of Eastern peoples. Yet it explains a good many things that otherwise remain puzzling. It expounds the Russian novel, for instance, with its extraordinary introspection, its metaphysical implications, its patience with details that seem innumerable, but that never fail to have a deep significance, even a philosophical or religious significance, however crude and unimportant they in themselves might seem; it explains, very obviously, the architecture; and it expounds the dance that has recently captured the imagination of the strict Western, to whom it comes as a revelation. For a revelation it strictly is. Man is one; but in different parts of the world he has unloosed and restrained different parts of his complex personality, his infinitely varying soul. Before the sharper cleavage between the East and the West, the drama, we know, sprang from the dance; but in the result now the West has its stuffy problem-play or its pretentious pageant-performance where there is not even the vaguest

hint of ecstasy, while all the virginal ecstasy still lives in the Eastern dance, where even the incredible indecencies of the nautch are often refined—since ecstasy is by its nature a virginal thing—by the fire of that influence. One deals with the crusts of habit and form, with sex-problems and problems in sociology and patriotism and self-importance, all dead things because the mere codifications of the intellect; whereas the other, without attempting anything so foolish as the dead fashions of the intellect, finds its own forms by simply expressing the deep, original, unalterable, and emotional life of men, original despite its constancy. And when the permanent undercurrent of our life breaks up into these spontaneous fountains we are revealed to ourselves far more accurately than by the intellectual formulation of a problem; we are enriched; and, bathing in that water, we are refreshed. It may not be true to say that all the dances of Vaslav Nijinsky have that unerring effect; but the wonder and delight he has awakened make it evident that his general effect is that, even if our own sudden uprush of joy were not a sure enough indication.

Yet those sudden moments are hard to recapture. There is nothing in the world harder to recall to the soul than its moments of exaltation. An hour or so, and they wear an aspect that is unreal, and we are often almost shamefaced by their memory. That is why the other day we picked up with surprise a volume in which some of those moods expressed have been caught quite wonderfully. Those who know their Charing Cross Road—the possessive pronoun will need no explanation to those to whom it applies—will scarcely need to be told of Mr. Beaumont's shop. There is the memory of many a first edition more often coveted than bought at that spot; but in issuing an English edition of M. George Barbier's "Designs on the Dances of Vaslav Nijinsky" he has done a service of another order. He himself has translated the "Foreword" by M. Francis de Miomandre, and his translation, to be just, has often a greater concision than the original. But it is not in the "Foreword" that the value of the publication lies. M. de Miomandre is inclined to be merely rhapsodical, without capturing the glory of the movement in his net of words. And, indeed, seeing that Mr. Barbier's designs are to follow, there is neither need nor occasion for him to do so. Forewords are confessedly difficult things to write; and whereas in England the fault is that they too often become pedantic, in France they as often lack discrimination. Nor does what M. Barbier has to say bear directly on the designs that follow; and as these are not identified by titles, that lack of reference seems the greater fault. Indeed, that is the greatest mistake in the book. References are needed in order that those who have not seen all the dances may know to which of them each design refers; and it would have been better if the foreword could have provided that connection. Yet it is with the designs that the interest lies; and it seems almost churlish to complain when the enterprise of the publication is considered. Mr. Beaumont has, in fact, reverted to the

old manner, whereby a bookseller published what he himself undertook to sell.

M. Barbier certainly not only catches the spirit of the Russian dance, in that wild baroque quality that is quite remote from the deliberation of certain pictorial artists, but he renders precisely the particular phase and poise of it that Nijinsky expresses. The designs are beautiful in their own expression; the sense of line and colour-grouping is always just and often very exquisite; but this is exerted, not to make an independent beauty under the excuse of an enthusiasm, but to re-express just that particular upspringing of spontaneity that is Nijinsky. They revive in us the mood of exaltation that the dance and the dancer aroused: not a new and separate thing; and so they hold as in a poise the moods that we wish to perpetuate. And that is the best praise they could have.

A difference must be understood; and it finds its occasion in the designs of Nijinsky rhythms in Scheherazade. Scheherazade is one thing and Nijinsky in Scheherazade another. Obviously, therefore, the gorgeous blaze of colour in the ballet would only obscure the separate movement of the Ethiopian slave. At first we were puzzled at the predominance of brown in the atmosphere, where the atmosphere of the ballet was so brilliant; but then it came to us that it had to be so, that the instinct was just; Nijinsky, he being the chief concern, compels that atmosphere because he himself brings it. And the result is that, though there is none of the amazing fire of colours that astonished the eye in Scheherazade, yet the exact mood is struck in us that was created by the particular figure of Nijinsky as he shot through the opened door like a bolt and kept the eye centred on him while he created his rhythms of delight. The designs dealing with this ballet are beautiful movements, one in particular, the fifth design in the book, suggesting a wonderful poise full of yearning and abandon. The others include the designs for "L'Après Midi d'un Faune," the Marionettes, Daphnis in Arcady, and "Le Carnaval." They are all beautiful; some in cool poise, some in wild abandon. There is the suggestion often of Beardsley; but this, we think, is rather in the subject than in a strict derivation. And certainly it is a very beautiful book.

In the second edition of his "Beowulf," which the Manchester University Press publish this week, Professor Sedgefield has made many changes which he has found necessary in using the book in his classes. Considerable alterations and additions have been made in the introduction, in the notes, and in the glossary; while in the text long vowels and diphthongs are now marked. The text itself is more conservative than that of the first edition, some of the more venturesome emendations having been discarded. Another book which this Press issues immediately is the "Naval Mutinies of 1797," by Conrad Gill, M.A., Lecturer in Economic History in the University of Belfast.

The Whirligig of Time

IN the fabric roll of Ely Cathedral for 1339-40 is the following item: "Paid to John of Burwell for carving the figure upon the principal key vault two shillings and his keep at the Prior's table." John of Burwell was a world's master-worker and his wage was fame. It may be doubted if he could scrawl his name on parchment; nevertheless, he has written it, defying time, in stone. Herein is a parable for an age of self-advertisement. As folk spin by train or motor-car through the fen country, how many realise that we have here, in England, Holland in miniature, not only in level oceans of the land, but by reason of a breed of men who are workers and endurers? Bit by bit the land has been "inned" and tamed, until, in seasons of drought, the countryside is now overdrained. On a map of England, colour the area between Cambridge and Lincoln and from Peterborough to Brandon—there lies Fenland.

So John of Burwell took his food at the Prior's table and spent his waking hours, mallet and chisel in hand, crouching on a scaffold 152 feet above the pavement of the great church. From Burwell is still quarried the "clunch stone" which is so much in evidence in the architecture of East Anglia. All about the solitary worker lay an inland sea covering 1,300 square miles. His companion craftsman was Walter the Painter, who received ninepence a month *et robam* for his labour. Here and there, as at Ely itself, a knoll, gravel-capped, stood "proud" above the waters. It is startling to hear, on high authority, that the Fenland, where the superficial gravels are not, is now steadily sinking at the rate of one inch per year.

Malaria, in John and Walter's day, fastened like a venomous serpent on any stranger who penetrated to this no-man's land. Indeed, even up to recent years, it has been a scourge to inhabitants and outlanders alike. We wax sentimental over the beauties of "Poppyland," the splendour of its sanguine fields. The origin of their forebears was utilitarian; the opium extracted from their flowers was the antidote of ague. There are villages in which probably to this day an ancient habit persists. On Saturday night the countrywoman was wont to trudge into the chemist's shop of the hamlet and lay coppers on the counter, with the laconic instruction, "two-pennorth," "five-pennorth," or whatever dose she might require. That meant opium, nothing but opium. Field workers drugged their babies with it, leaving them in a state of breathing death until the hour of return from labour.

Truly the amphibian "inner" of meres deserved well of his country. He and John of Burwell were companion spirits. All we know of the ancient "waller" to-day is his legacy of miles on miles of cornfields golden for harvest, great apple orchards, the trees loaded with fruit, grim fen farmsteads, conspicuous by reason of absence of squalor. The mystery of Fenland grips the stranger who has an eye for artistic effect; as Charles Kingsley has said, we have here

"beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom."

John of Burwell was an artist of the chosen few. It is the rôle of the immortal to put into a phrase the soul of things. John "home hath gone and ta'en his wages." As from his lofty working perch he looked across the expanse of swamp and inland sea, here and there waterways running through jungles of reed, he espied on the horizon the solitary knolls which were the abodes of wild fowl decoyers. "Fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages," was his motto. His spirit was tempered and attuned to the shocks and chances of life. The man had learnt to dream in stone.

The restless modern who sets off to "do" a couple of shires before luncheon knows nothing of John. Yet has the master-toiler his reward. He that hath eyes to see hails him as a kindred spirit, hails his ghost across the gulf of five hundred years. John brings us back to the elemental, showing the inherent immortality of service, to him whose eye is single.

For the Octagon of Ely Cathedral is an architectural wonder. Fuller wrote, "When the bells ring, the wood thereof shaketh and gapeth [no defect but perfection of structure] and exactly choketh into the joynts again." Then he goes on to draw his quaint moral; he says the structure is a "lively emblem" of the Christian, who, "though he hath *motum trepidationis*, stands firmly fixed." The Octagon sprang like a vision upon the imagination of its Norman master-builder, Alan de Walsingham. In 1322 the old square tower crashed down, bringing several arches with it. The early Norman, like his prototype the Roman, trusted for stability mainly to mere bulk and scantling; his masonry was apt to be a shell of sound stonework, enclosing a core of rubble and rubbish, loosely cemented together with mortar. If the lime happened to have been thoroughly burnt and had penetrated the aggregate, all went well. The old scarred walls defy time, and to-day we say, "These men were no jerry builders." But vast bulk does not render scamped work secure. In the twelfth century Winchester tower fell, like that of Ely; Chichester tower fell about fifty years ago; much of Peterborough Cathedral has had to be taken down and re-erected.

When the Octagon Vault was reared, Alan de Walsingham was Prior of the Convent. The monks twice elected him Bishop, an appointment over-ruled by the Pope, who, however, yielded to the popular will in so far that he granted Priors of Ely the right to mitre and crozier. When the great tower fell Alan was Sacrist, and the ancient chronicle says: "The aforesaid Sacrist Alan, vehemently grieved and earnestly sorrowful, for a moment knew not which way to turn or what to do." After the wreckage had been cleared the device of an octagonal tower, the base of which should reach the entire width of the church, dawned upon him. He therefore excavated eight shafts down to a solid foundation and built a massive pier upon each. Architects are agreed as to the splendour of Alan's conception and the nobility of its execution; every detail

reveals the mind of the poet and the hand of the artificer. According to *Anglia Sacra*, Alan's first care was to secure eight oak trees sufficiently large and sound to form the skeleton of the structure of the lantern. "Searching far and wide and with the greatest difficulty finding them at last; he transported them by land and sea to Ely." When this huge timber cage was overhauled by Sir Gilbert Scott it was found to consist of trees 63 feet long, having a sapless scantling of 3 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 8 in.

The lantern is 80 feet in height, suspended 94 feet above the ground. The strutting and framing between the timber skeleton of the lantern and the octagon of stone piers are a masterpiece of mechanical contriving. Seen from below is the fan vaulting of the lantern. The groyning radiates from an oak boss superbly carved, a half-length figure of the Christ above life-size. Space will not permit a description of details, but artistry and devotion to ideals characterise them all. In 1328, after six years of anxious labour, the supreme feat was accomplished. Alan's bones moulder beneath the floor of the shrine which he laboured to render worthy of the Master's cause.

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus did build.

In the Cotton MS. in the British Museum the actual words of Alan's epitaph are preserved:

Flos operatorum, dum vixit corpore sanus
Hic jacet ante Chorum Prior en tumulatus Alanus.

Alan lies "before the choir." A marble slab is traditionally pointed out as covering his grave, but the brass has been torn away and it is thus impossible to say certainly if the tradition is well founded; his true monument is the glorious fane he helped to rear.

We venture on a surmise. Cromwell was Governor of the Isle of Ely and his house still stands. The cathedral, although shrines are bereft of their figures and brasses have been torn up, escaped the blind fury of vandalism meted out to other ecclesiastical buildings in the Fen Country. Did Cromwell stay the hand of the destroyer in the city he knew intimately? He was already, seven years before he became Protector, training his war-dogs for their task, as the following letter will serve to show:

Wisbech, this day 11th November, 1642.
Dear Friend,—Let the saddler see to the horse gear.
I learn from one many are ill served. If a man has
not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as nought.
From your friend,

Auditor Squire.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Two years later he ordered a preacher in Ely Cathedral down from the pulpit and ejected the congregation, averring that he did so as a friend. Further, he forbade the choir service as "unedifying and offensive," his ostensible object being to avert a riot of the Puritan soldiery.

The whirligig of time has brought in his revenges.

Froude tells how Carlyle visited Ely when writing his *Life of Cromwell*; how he reached the city with intolerance in his heart, inwardly applauding the dictator of souls; how he entered the cathedral in the dusk of the evening of his arrival. "No living thing was to be seen in the whole vast building but a solitary sparrow, when suddenly some invisible hand touched the organ, and the rolling sounds, soft, sweet and solemn, went pealing through the solitary aisles." Carlyle was profoundly touched, his mood of fierceness melted away; he fell under the sway of beauty as a soul's master-key.

A. E. C.

Three Tudor Biographies

THE hardest transvaluer of values will scarcely quarrel with the accepted verdict which ranks the earlier Tudor reigns low in the history of literature. Malory's great book, printed in the year of Bosworth field, was a fitting and beautiful colophon to the Middle Ages, but the imagination of the new era needed time to ripen for expression. Poetry was curiously dead. Even the sense of it seemed to be gone. Surely no man of taste and spirituality ever wrote such bad verse as More. The appearance of Tottel's "Miscellany" marked the beginning of a revival, but not much verse which is still read was written between Chaucer's day and Sidney's. Much significant thinking was being done, and was being formulated into prose; but its language was usually Latin, and its themes mainly controversial; for men were revising their whole stock of ideas and thinking in terms of Europe. The English of the day is, moreover, a somewhat turgid flow to modern ears and eyes.

One art, however, the art of biography, was to all intents and purposes born at that time, and is represented by three books which will bear comparison with all but the best of later efforts in the kind. Two of these, George Cavendish's "*Life of Cardinal Wolsey*" and William Roper's life of his father-in-law, Sir Thomas More, have many points of resemblance, both internal and external. Both deal with men who, having filled the great office of Chancellor of England, had fallen from greatness. The authors of both had served and intimately known, loved and been loved and trusted by their subjects; had maintained, moreover, their adherence to the Roman Church. Both works remained long unpublished, were printed in garbled versions for political purposes in the seventeenth century, and were only a hundred years ago presented to the world as their authors had written them. Cavendish's book, indeed, was for long attributed to his younger brother William: a person of very different quality, who, as the sedulous employee of Thomas Cromwell and husband of Bess of Hardwick, was busy founding a great family; while George, in retirement and almost in poverty, was regretting old days and putting on record his master's greatness. Both books, finally, have the graciousness of work done simply and lovingly.

Neither Cavendish nor Roper was a great artist, but zeal for their themes endowed them with something of the poet's magic. It is perhaps because of this dependence on their subjects that Roper's book seems to have a more potent charm than Cavendish's. For Wolsey in himself has none of the attraction of the author of the "*Utopia*." The earlier part of the great churchman's story, especially, is a little wearisome in its pageantry, and we feel that sometimes even the devoted gentleman usher can only have argued himself into approval at some expense of candour: as, for instance, in the business of Sir Amyas Paulet. Nor, in us of to-day, do his moralisings on the vanity of human greatness, appropriate though they be, command much respect. With More it is otherwise. We need no stimulant to admiration. Only one of his books is read much nowadays, and that, perhaps, is as often taken as read; but by virtue of his letters to his daughter, Holbein's wonderful drawing, and Roper's book, we know him intimately and love him, not only as an individual, but in a setting of sublimated domesticity, as a pattern family-man who has lost nothing of intellectual eminence by being so. Yet in relating his master's fall, Cavendish shows a mastery of our feelings such as one suspects of being beyond Roper, who has no passage so pathetic as the account of Sir John Russell's midnight interview with Wolsey at desolate Esher.

If these two books were labours of love, the third early Tudor biography reads more like a labour of hate. Whether written in English by Sir Thomas More himself, or translated by him from Cardinal Morton's Latin, the "*History of Richard III*" is undoubtedly by one who knew his subject at first, or at very good second, hand. The late Dr. Gairdner was convinced of its authority; and he knew more about the matter than Horace Walpole, who was pleased to have "historic doubts." What it lacks in charm, compared with the kindlier work of Roper and Cavendish, it makes up for in vividness and trenchancy, in sheer art. Its author was not only a master of pithy phrase, but a critic and no mean psychologist; the biographers of the Chancellors were simple-hearted admirers, kindled to eloquence.

As was the case with both the other books, though it was seen by Shakespeare in print, and not, as the "*Wolsey*" must have been, in manuscript, we owe our first decent text of "*Richard III*" to S. W. Singer, an antiquary who did good work in the early nineteenth century. Unlike them, however, it is unobtainable in any modern form, though part of it is printed from an inaccurate edition with the "*Utopia*" and Roper's life in a volume of the "Scott Library." It was, indeed, edited for the Pitt Press by one Doctor Lumby; but he, having in view the edification of the young, omitted without indicating his omissions. No doubt he was justified; but some of his suppressions are important, and his edition is valueless to readers who have left the schoolroom. There is nothing in the book which need alarm the producers

of popular series, to whose attention the matter is commended.

How far it is above the ordinary narrative of the period one can judge by reading the passage from Grafton's chronicle which is given by both Singer and Lumby in order to complete the unfinished story of the reign. The fall is as great as that from Marlowe's to Chapman's part of "Hero and Leander." More, or Morton, makes his characters live for us, in body and mind; makes them talk like men really talking, and sets them in emphatic yet logical motion. Between Chaucer and Shakespeare it would be difficult to find anything more dramatic than the scene in the Council Chamber which culminates in the execution of Lord Hastings. Some passages are extraordinarily modern, as, for instance, the description of the Duke of Buckingham's efforts at the Guildhall to work up enthusiasm for Richard, his discomfort when his words fell flat, and his final way out of the difficulty by packing the hall with his own men. More modern still are the close reasoning of the speeches, which would seem to betray the hand of the most skilled controversialist of his day, and the accuracy of psychological detail. Characters and physical features are presented with the "bite" of an etching. The portrait of Richard III has established that king's physical and moral aspect in the imagination of the world for all time, for no doubt the book was Shakespeare's ultimate source. Most famous, however, and most telling, is the sketch of Jane Shore. This also has proved fuel to the imagination; for all the ballads and chapbooks and plays which have celebrated Edward IV's kindly mistress—the perfect prototype, in wit, beauty and generosity, of Nell Gwynne—must be traced to these few pages, which contain all the authentic information we have of her. The author, though he does not seem to have met her himself, had her description from men who had known her both in youth and in old age.

Proper she was and faire; nothing in her body that you wold haue changed, but if you would haue wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that now se her (for yet she liueth) deme her neuer to haue been wel visaged. Whose iugement semeth me somewhat like as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel house; for now is she old, lene, withered and dried up, nothing left but ryuilde skin and hard bone. And yet being euen such, whoso wel aduise her visage, might gesse and deuise which partes how filled wold make it a faire face.

We do not know whether the writer had read the works of Master François Villon. Probably not. But this passage provokes, and can bear, comparison with the fair armouress's lament for her lost beauty.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Mr. John Murray publishes this month a history of the Mounted Police of Natal, by Mr. H. P. Holt, with an introduction by the founder of the corps, General Sir J. G. Dartnell.

Notes and News

The Cabaret Club, 9, Heddon Street, W., reopens on Thursday, October 2.

Miss Mary Openshaw, whose story of last spring, "Little Grey Girl," attracted much attention, is engaged in writing another novel. The scene will be laid in the country, and the book will be published by Messrs. Heath Cranton and Ouseley next spring, under the title of "Sunshine."

Mr. John Lane publishes this week: "Glimpses of Indian Birds," by Douglas Dewar, author of "Jungle Folk" and "Birds of the Plains," at 7s. 6d. net; "Fascination," a novel by Cecil Champain Lewis; and "The Anglo-French Entente in the 17th Century," by Charles Bastide, at 12s. 6d. net.

Under the title of "Greek Wonder Tales," Mrs. Lucy M. J. Garnett will issue shortly through Messrs. Black a carefully selected collection of the popular tales of the modern Greeks, translated directly from the local dialects in which they have been orally transmitted from generation to generation from time immemorial. With its illustrations in colour by Mr. Edwin A. Norbury, R.C.A., the book should be noted for the gift season.

A book, "The Condition of the Press," is announced by S. W. Partridge and Co., Ltd., the subject which has been much before the public of late. Mr. R. A. Scott-James, the author, deals with the development of the Press since the seventeenth century, showing how it extended its influence, and in what way it made and responded to public opinion. He concentrates his attention upon the influence and condition of the Press to-day, showing how it became the influence sometimes for directing, sometimes for misdirecting, public opinion.

An account of the sovereign ladies of France from the earliest times, is to appear shortly in English. The author is Frank Hamel, who has written of many romantic characters in French history. The work is entitled "The Romance of the French Queens," and deals with personal incident rather than political situations. Messrs. Grafton and Co., are the publishers. The same firm have a book in the press by Mr. H. E. Marshall, entitled "Boy-Kings and Girl-Queens." Both works are fully illustrated with historical pictures and portraits.

An important book by Dr. A. S. Rappoport, the well-known writer on history and philosophy, is announced by Mr. Stanley Paul under the title "Famous Artists and Their Models." This treats with the influence of women on art and, incidentally, on artists. Numerous examples are taken to show how ladies even of noble birth have devoted themselves to the service of great artists in the production of the world's masterpieces. The illustrations, reproduced from famous paintings of many ages and many nations, are an added attraction to the volume.

At the Exhibition of Sport now being held in the Hague, the English "Encyclopædia of Sport," published by Mr. William Heinemann, was awarded the gold medal. Mr. Heinemann announces that he has

in preparation a new volume of poems entitled "Knave of Hearts," by Arthur Symons, which he publishes this week. Besides the poem of the title, the volume contains "Fêtes Galantes," "Poèmes Saturniens," translations from André Chénier, and Catullus. Also this week appears the biography of the late W. T. Stead, entitled "My Father," personal and "spiritual" reminiscences, by Estelle W. Stead.

The next session in the Faculties of Arts, Science, Engineering and Medical Sciences at University College, will begin on September 30. New students will be received by the Provost and the respective Deans, on Tuesday, September 30, and Wednesday, October 1. The Faculty of Laws resumes work on October 7. Among the special arrangements for the first term may be mentioned the following courses and introductory lectures, which will be given at University College. A course on "Early Cylinders and Scarabs," by Professor Flinders Petrie, beginning on October 2, at 2.30 p.m.; two public introductory lectures on "Primitive Religion in Egypt," by Miss M. A. Murray, on October 3 and 10, at 5 p.m.; a course of five public lectures on "Les Chansons de Geste," by Professor L. M. Brandin, beginning on October 2, at 6 p.m.; two public lectures on "Numbers in History," by Professor Hans Delbrück (of the University of Berlin), on October 5 and 7 at 5 p.m.; a public introductory lecture on "The Philosophy of William James," by Professor Dawes Hicks, on October 6, at 5 p.m.; a course on "Middle Irish Poetry," by Mr. R. E. W. Flower, beginning October 7, at 5 p.m., and a course on "Old Irish Grammar," at 6 p.m.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE PEACE OF EUROPE

THE decision of the Admiralty to send on a cruise to the Mediterranean a powerful fleet, including no fewer than ten ships of the *Dreadnought* class, comes as an extremely interesting piece of news. While it would be wrong to attach to this departure any immediate significance, we are certainly justified in regarding it as not altogether unconnected with the recent trend of foreign policy. At once we may say that the outstanding feature of the international situation as it exists to-day is the feeling predominant in all the capitals of Europe that we are about to enjoy a prolonged period of peace. The real calm now reigning is directly traceable to the Balkan storm. For we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the conflict in the Near East served as a useful object-lesson to the rest of the world, demonstrating as it did in many important respects circumstances and conditions that would inevitably be repeated upon a larger scale were the Great Powers to become involved in war. We venture to think that the fate that swiftly overtook Bulgaria in her grandiose attempt to constitute herself the Prussia of the Balkans was not lost upon the nations of middle Europe. In the twentieth century it was not without universal profit to have witnessed on a vast scale an illustration of the limitations of

force and of the frailty of political alliances when these cease to represent a community of interests.

But apart altogether from general influences bearing upon the international situation and directly traceable to the event itself, the struggle produced results concrete in character and at the same time widespread in effect. Faced again and again throughout the protracted crisis with the alternative of peace or war, the Great Powers were compelled individually to reveal the full extent and true aims of their policy. Now that excitement has subsided and diplomatists are taking a well-earned rest, it is possible to appraise at the proper value the significance of recent events. Where opportunity has not been lacking, we must seek elsewhere the cause for the manifest reluctance of the Great Powers to embark upon war. And here it is necessary, by way of emphasis, to draw attention to the determining part which Germany plays in shaping political destiny at the present time. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the peace of Europe rests in the keeping of the Wilhelmstrasse.

The Allies of Germany cannot make any positive move without her support. As far as the Powers of the Triple Entente are concerned, they are satisfied with the position which they at present hold in the world. Thus we are driven to the conclusion that only German aggression can disturb the tranquillity of Europe. No one can doubt that, had the Kaiser given unqualified support to the policy of Austria, the peace would have been broken. That he did not do so is instructive, more especially when we reflect that on the occasion of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina he promptly appeared in shining armour by the side of his Ally. Were it not for recollection of this latter circumstance, we might accept whole-heartedly the repeated protestations of Germany that her settled policy is to preserve peace. The weight of evidence, however, being against any such conclusion, we are inclined to examine somewhat critically her attitude of late in the hope of discovering the actual motives underlying her moderation. Let us say at the outset that in our view of foreign countries and their actions we deplore the existence of that unintelligent suspicion of which, for example, Germany has been so much the victim. In this connection we refer more particularly to the wild reports spread from time to time as to the movements of German airships and the imaginary concentration of German transports ready at a moment's notice to embark a vast army for the invasion of England.

Recent events, far from bearing out the alarmist statements as to German preparedness, have proved the exact contrary. We have always insisted in these columns on a fact which is now generally recognised throughout Europe—that for a decade at least Germany will not consider herself ready to resort to the arbitrament of the sword. In that event, it may conceivably be argued, how are we to account for the belligerent attitude which she assumed in the case of Bosnia-Herzegovina? The answer to this question is that

Germany's present-day policy is dictated, not because of her own decline, but because the power of the forces opposed to her has expanded, and altogether circumstances over which she possesses no control have of late gone against her. Recent developments have merely tended to expose the inherent weakness of her friends and allies. For instance, Italy did not cut a very heroic figure in Tripoli. Then the plight of Austrian diplomacy in the face of Slav assertion has been pitiable. And, finally, the failure of the Ottoman military forces, and the sheer inability of Germany to support her promises at Constantinople with deeds, contributed not a little in bringing about the placid atmosphere now existing in Europe. On the other hand we find that the sabre-rattling which determined the Bosnia-Herzegovina question served also to awaken the Powers of the Triple Entente to a sense of danger. Looking towards the east, Germany has seen on land extraordinary improvements in the methods that in time of war are to mobilise Russia's millions, and on sea the steady growth of Russian naval power in the Baltic, this latter circumstance creating for her a situation far more disquieting than any which meets Great Britain in the Mediterranean.

Then, turning to the west, Germany finds the legions of a confident France, and, beyond, the naval might of Great Britain. Whatever may be thought of the policy of enormous armaments we must at least recognise that we owe to them to-day the period of peace which has come to Europe. If we are frank with ourselves we are bound to realise that the Power wielded by the Triple Entente has been the principal factor in solving three issues, any one of which might have brought about the Armageddon: Morocco, the Balkans, and Asia Minor. It may be that the relief from strain is only temporary, and that Germany will redouble her efforts in the direction of military expansion; but in the meantime let us be devoutly thankful for the slackening of tension. For an appreciable period at least German diplomacy has lost its menacing sting, and it only remains for the Powers of the Triple Entente to maintain the lead in armaments which they clearly possess to-day. In all the circumstances, the despatch to Mediterranean waters of a strong British fleet is convincing proof that the European situation has sensibly relaxed in favour of England and her allies, and should serve, moreover, to remind the vigorous States that have emerged triumphantly from the Balkan conflict that international circumspection is a virtue to be cultivated.

MOTORING

THERE has been a good deal of discussion recently with regard to country hotel accommodation—from the motorist's point of view. It seems to be generally agreed that there is much room for improvement in this direction—there is obviously always room for improvement in matters where the personal element necessarily

plays so important a part—but there is no doubt that a large proportion of the complaints are altogether unreasonable. The surprisingly rapid growth of motoring in this country has imposed a set of entirely new conditions upon the country hotel-keeper, and it ought not to be expected that he should be able to assimilate them instantaneously. It is quite certain, moreover, that very great improvements have already taken place, as a result, mainly, of the efforts of the big motoring organisations, especially those of the Automobile Association and Motor Union. As is generally known, this body has had for a long time a special staff of inspectors whose sole duty it is to visit and thoroughly inspect the hotels of the country, and to place upon the "recommended" list those which conform to a certain standard in the matters of cleanliness, capacity for accommodation, reasonableness of charges, etc.

Up to the present, we believe, some 5,000 of the hotels of the country have been subjected to these inspection visits, and any member of the Association will find in the A.A. Handbook a complete list of those which have passed the test and been found satisfactory, carefully classified according to their respective standards. Any of the hotels mentioned in the "recommended" list can be relied upon to the extent indicated by its classification, no matter how limited its accommodation may be, the methods of the A.A. inspectors being impartial and thorough in the extreme. These inspectors, or supervisors, travel incognito, and do not disclose their object until they have themselves tested the accommodation and service and paid their bills as ordinary travellers, after which the work of inspection commences. This usually extends to every room in the hotel into which a visitor or his servant may be put. Cleanliness and decent sanitation are absolutely imperative. Should the lavatory accommodation be indifferent, one of the Association's toilet cabinets—for the use of A.A. members—is proffered free of charge, the only stipulation being that an adequate supply of clean towels shall be maintained. After the tour of inspection, the supervisor proceeds to lay down the law and specify the conditions which must be fulfilled if the hotel is to be included in the "recommended" list.

The hotel-keeper is usually not slow to perceive the advantages of this, and, as a rule, is prompt in carrying out to the best of his ability the suggestions of the supervisor. There are cases, of course, where, owing to changes of proprietorship, an hotel has lapsed from the satisfactory standard, but this state of affairs is soon disclosed at the subsequent visits of inspection, with the result that the place is promptly eliminated from the "recommended" list. No fewer than 70 hotels have been so treated during the last twelve months for this reason. To sum up, any hotel which is included in the list of those recommended by the A.A. and M.U. can almost invariably be depended upon to fulfil all the requirements which may reasonably be expected from its class and pretensions. But the motorist who expects, for some reason best known to himself, to find in the average country hotel the

comforts and luxuries of the Ritz or Cecil is bound to be disappointed.

* * *

A member of the staff of the *Cycle-car* pays a high tribute to Palmer Cord tyres in the current issue of that journal. After having had a sorry experience of various makes of tyres on his belt-driven cycle-car, he had the back wheels fitted with two Palmers—one a steel-studded and the other a plain three-ribbed tread. Up to the present he has run the machine, which weighs without passengers about half a ton, over 5,000 miles. The plain tyre shows practically no signs of wear, whilst the non-skid, although it has shed some of the studs, has still a tread of well over half an inch to wear through. He estimates that each of the covers is good for a further 10,000 miles before it will have to be scraped, or even retreaded. This experience simply confirms the soundness of the policy of fitting the best tyres procurable—initial cost being quite a secondary consideration.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THERE are signs that the long rest which the beautiful summer has forced upon the reluctant City is coming to an end. We always imagine that we make our own idleness, but I am inclined to believe that we are only idle because our nerves and our muscles compel. The City finished a strenuous year in June, and since then has done nothing. Now she thinks the moment propitious for fresh efforts. I must agree. We are all prosperous. Everyone has made money. The promoter is eager to get as much of it as he can. The broker who caters for the serious investor has been moderately well supplied with orders all through the summer. It is only the speculator who has been resting. But as nine-tenths of the business on the Stock Exchange is speculative the investor hardly counts.

Various markets will be specially boomed up in the autumn. First and foremost the Argentine. Here we have some huge loads of securities which must be marketed. The great Argentine groups have been hit very heavily. The members of the House have been hit, and bankers and moneylenders have been compelled to advance much more money upon Argentine securities than they like, so that in order to unload all Argentine securities will be written up. The Press will willingly help. South America is generous and pays handsomely for puffs. As long as people do not pay too dear for their Argentine stocks I shall not complain. But I am not keen. It seems to me the time to leave the Argentine alone. She has had her boom and, rich country as she is, a reaction is due. I can never see any sense in buying in at the top when all the odds are in favour of a further fall.

Harrod's Stores comes out with an Argentine subsidiary this week. The big London store proposes to absorb Thompson's well-known furniture shop in Buenos Ayres, and run a South American Harrods on the lines we know so well. The capital is £1,512,000, and of this we are

asked to subscribe £600,000 6½ per cent. Cumulative Prefs. and £600,000 10 per cent. Ordinary. There are also 240,000 Deferred shares of one shilling, and those who apply for the 6½ per cent. Prefs. will get 6 per cent. in Deferred, whilst those who are allotted the 10 per cent. Ordinary get 14 per cent. in Deferred. These Deferred take all the surplus profits after reserve. Mr. Mendel, Mr. Burbidge, and Mr. Woodman Burbidge went out to Buenos Ayres and arranged the deal, and Mr. Mendel negotiated the purchase of the Thompson shares. I think that business in Buenos Ayres is falling away, and it seems a pity that Harrods did not launch out earlier, but on the whole the 6 per cent. Prefs. are a fair speculation, and the Stock Exchange is bidding for the Deferred. The Argentine is a ready spendthrift.

Two oil companies have come out. One proposes to buy 270 acres near Grosny and the other will acquire 20,000 acres in the Ural Caspian field. I think both companies are highly speculative, and I see no reason why, if people wish to gamble in oil in either district, they should not wait till a reaction comes, and then buy into North Caucasian or Spies if they desire a Grosny gamble, or Ural Caspian if they wish to touch this field. But considering that not one oil company in a thousand ever pays any dividend, I cannot see any reason why people should waste their money in taking up such highly speculative shares. In neither case is the working capital sufficient.

MONEY is not an interesting topic at the moment. We must wait till the end of the quarter. I do not think that there will be any trouble in Berlin. The Reichsbank has been long preparing for the squeeze, and its stock of gold is ample. Egypt takes a steady supply each week, but here all this has long since been arranged. We may get a five per cent. rate for a few weeks in the autumn, but nothing serious in the way of stringency.

HOME RAILS.—The labour scare appears to be dying down. I have again and again said that I think that the Labour Party is playing a game of bluff. It means to force on nationalisation, and thinks the best way is to threaten strikes. The companies are doing well, and I see no reason why the shares should not be bought. We cannot do without railways, and badly managed as they are they pay extremely well. Why investors should be scared I do not know. Present quotations are almost at the bottom, and the dividend for the current half year is certain to be better than last year—the smallest effort towards economy would at once have its effect upon earnings. It is very hard to push a board into a business attitude. Railway directors see no reason why they should depart from a routine that pays reasonable dividends, and the permanent officials will never make more work for themselves. I again repeat that if we could get a committee of railway shareholders who would agitate on intelligent lines for economy we could add not one but two per cent. to the dividends on almost all our English railway stocks. No one need fear either agitation or nationalisation. Which ever comes we cannot be worse off than we are to-day, with lethargic boards and sleepy heads of departments.

YANKEES.—The spurt in American rails could not last for ever, and the little boom shows a faint heart. We are promised steady support in Unions, but I do not believe in the bonus story. Kuhn Loeb are a very conservative firm. They are faced with some opposition in Central Pacific, and they much desire to get the rights of the Preference shareholders clearly defined. The excitement in Readings appears to have died down, and I think that the rise was engineered in order that insiders might unload. I am doubtful whether we shall see any further rise in Steels—indeed, all the news is "bearish."

RUBBER grows more hopeless each week. The auctions

this week were very depressing, and it looks as though we must get a further fall to 1s. 6d. That would produce a *débâcle*, as only the best-managed companies could then pay dividends. Mr. Lampard appears quite unable to hold up the share market, and he dare not ask his supporters for money at the moment. The position looks black.

OIL is still the talked-of boom. Speculators in little shares like this market and dabble in the cheap shares. The clique that run Eastern Petroleums, having reconstructed, are anxious to unload, and will make a market. Gamblers must proceed cautiously, and if they buy they should take a very small profit. Urals and North Caucasian may be given another run, and as the strike in Grosny is over we may get a rise in Spies. Premiers are harder on the "bear" squeeze, but I do not anticipate any big movement either way until the reports and figures are published.

MINES remain almost as dead as rubber. Small fights occur between speculators in Australian copper shares, and little spasms of buying come and go in the Nigerian Tin market, but there is no real business to report. The public will not jump in, and though the Rhodesian jobbers gamble in Giants and Glasgow buys Chartered, I confess that I can only advise my readers to leave the whole mining market alone.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Cement report is fairly good, but will the ring be able to keep up the price? This is more than doubtful. I consider Cement Ordinary very much over-valued. All the Iron and Steel companies' reports show amazing figures, but this is only what we expected, and cautious people will take advantage of the present high prices to get out. The rise in Electric Lighting shares still continues, and is likely to grow as the winter comes on. This market, and that in Brewery Debentures of the best class, seem the two soundest in the Stock Exchange.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

ARE THE PLANTS SENSITIVE?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Whether the plants be sensitive or no, the case will never be advanced a whit by naïve arguments and false analogies such as those put forward by Professor del Marmol in your issue of September 13. Many comparisons are so erroneous that in the interests of those who really care they ought to be corrected.

Haeckel, far from sustaining the theory "that certain plants may proceed from animals" has not the fool-hardiness to make any such suggestion; for the protista from which, he says, animals and multicellular plants proceed include those elemental single-celled forms which are neither distinctively plant nor animal. These and their descendants have still a long distance in the evolutionary path to traverse ere they can be categorically placed in one great group or the other; and so it is impossible to say with regard to them that from a definite animal form a definite plant form may spring.

To speak of an adult insect degenerating into a grub, is, if we are to stick to terms, equivalent to stating that a butterfly bursts into a chrysalis; and it is only a step from likening the sucking mouth of an insect to a root, to suggest that a root itself has an actual mouth with which it swallows, as indeed an enterprising agricultural botanist recently had the temerity to do. That some zoophytes have neuro-muscular cells has no bearing what-

ever on the sensitiveness of plants, the fact that these animals have been called "animal plants" conveying as much idea of their relationships as the name hedge-hog conveys of the zoological (or botanical) position of that interesting animal.

Again, as far as functioning is concerned, the "root" of ascidians is no more a root in the plant sense than an anchor is the root of a ship. The allegation that a certain "voracious vegetable" "sucks its victims as does its marine relative, the octopus" betrays like ignorance of relationships and functioning; for though the octopus holds its prey with its suckers it chews and swallows it in no very unusual way.

So much for some of the zoological illustrations of Professor del Marmol's article. Many of the botanical statements seem to be of equal value. I must not be understood to be gainsaying the general idea of the sensitiveness of plants, but the crude theory attributed to Strindberg of the "cerebrality of plants or at least of a nervous system in them," "identical with the sympathetic nervous system of mammals," and the as crude comparisons and analogies by which the theory is said to be supported in the article before me, have little scientific value.

Edinburgh.

JAMES RITCHIE, M.A., D.Sc.

MR. GORDON CRAIG'S SCHEME.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. George Mager is quite right in correcting Mr. Macfall's slight mistake. I think it was quite clearly stated in the first edition of "A Living Theatre," which has just been brought out, and which Mr. Macfall quoted from, that one million shillings were wanted, but that this was in order to support "The Society of the Theatre," a society formed so that the public may be united, and I have no doubt that it will be quite easy in time to find one million shillings from one million people. One may easily expect a million people to be interested in the bettering of their favourite meeting house, the theatre, but one can hardly expect the same people to be interested in the school for the art of the theatre.

The school is, and will always remain, for those few individuals who understand the value of experimental work, and for this work I am most decidedly asking for large subscriptions. Before long I hope to place a new branch of my school in England, and one in America. At present we number about thirty workers in all, and of course we can get through a little good work with the limited capital at our disposal. But we want many more workers, and so as to pay them, and for our materials and machines, we do not want our funds to be limited. There is no time to be lost, if use is to be made of the ideas which crowd upon us, and only lack men and means to carry them out.

I think I am not overstating the case when I say that if ten years ago—let us say only five years ago—this school, which I then said was possible, had received instantaneous support, London would have benefited already by its existence. For I know we can be useful, and it is that we desire to be. It only rests with those wealthy men who realise that a living theatre is of more value to national life than a dead one, to make this possible immediately.

It is bound to be made possible in time—of that there is no question. May I be allowed personally to ask that there shall be no delay?

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.

The School for the Art of the Theatre,
7, John Street, Adelphi, London.
September 19, 1913.

NATIONAL HOME-READING UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May we be allowed through your columns to introduce some of your readers to the National Home-Reading Union, and to remind those who are already acquainted with it that the new reading session is now beginning. The Union endeavours to help all those who wish to turn their reading to good account—

(1) By recommending good books and good editions in its book list on a number of different subjects.

(2) By monthly magazines containing interesting and suggestive articles on these subjects.

(3) By advising and helping readers to group themselves into circles for mutual aid and stimulus through discussion.

(4) By tutorial help which is freely given when desired.

The Union's courses of reading are graded carefully to suit the needs of readers of every age and position, and the book lists and magazines are prepared by those who have expert knowledge on the various subjects. All the privileges of membership are offered for very small subscriptions ranging from 1s. to 4s. according to the courses taken. It would take too much space to enumerate all the advantages which those who are interested in books and reading gain by joining the Union, but full particulars will be sent to any inquirer who will write, enclosing reply postage, to the Secretary of the Union, at 12, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C. Some of the subjects of the courses for the new session are specially interesting: History of Ireland, Italian Art, Social Life in Russia, The Kingsleys, Northern Mythology, The Open Air, Some Problems of Social Relief, The Peace Movement, The Romans in Britain, and general literature. Yours faithfully

J. HEREFORD,

Chairman of Council.

J. W. MACKAIL,

Chairman of Executive Committee.

"OLD-FASHIONED" MUSIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your reference to Dr. Saint-Saëns' latest oratorio, "The Promised Land," produced at the Three Choirs Festival, you condemn the music as being "old-fashioned." May I venture to protest against this method of criticism?

In musical circles, which usually follow the lead of the critics, it is getting quite the conventional method to signify disapproval of a work by describing it as "old-fashioned." What does the term really mean from an artistic point of view? Of course we all know what is implied: that there is an absence of whole-tone scales, and "go-as-you-please" license in composition. But, surely, this is a mere question of the mould in which a musical work is cast, and should not affect its presumptive value as a work of art.

In these times of storm and stress in music when fashions change so rapidly, from Wagner to Arnold Schönberg, it should surely be possible to maintain a clear standard of real "artistic values," without allowing "Fashion" to bias our judgments. Certainly musical criticism should not adopt the jargon of modes and millinery.

I do not hold any brief for Dr. Saint-Saëns' latest work; my only wish is to be allowed to protest against the increasing use of that ready-made tag "old-fashioned" to imply ready-made condemnation. Yours faithfully,

JOHN BRIANT.

Highgate, September 22, 1913.

MISS NASH: AN INQUIRY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Can any of your readers tell me who was Miss Nash, or what was the outrage committed on her by French soldiers at Orchico in 1792? Her case is referred to in the *Annual Register* for 1792 as having horrified all Europe; and it is added that she had a safe conduct from Marshal Luckner. No further details are given in the *Register*, and I have looked into many books on the French Revolution without meeting with any notice of it. She was stated to have been an English lady, as her name implies. What was the outrage and what became of her subsequently? Truly yours,

R. D. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

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